

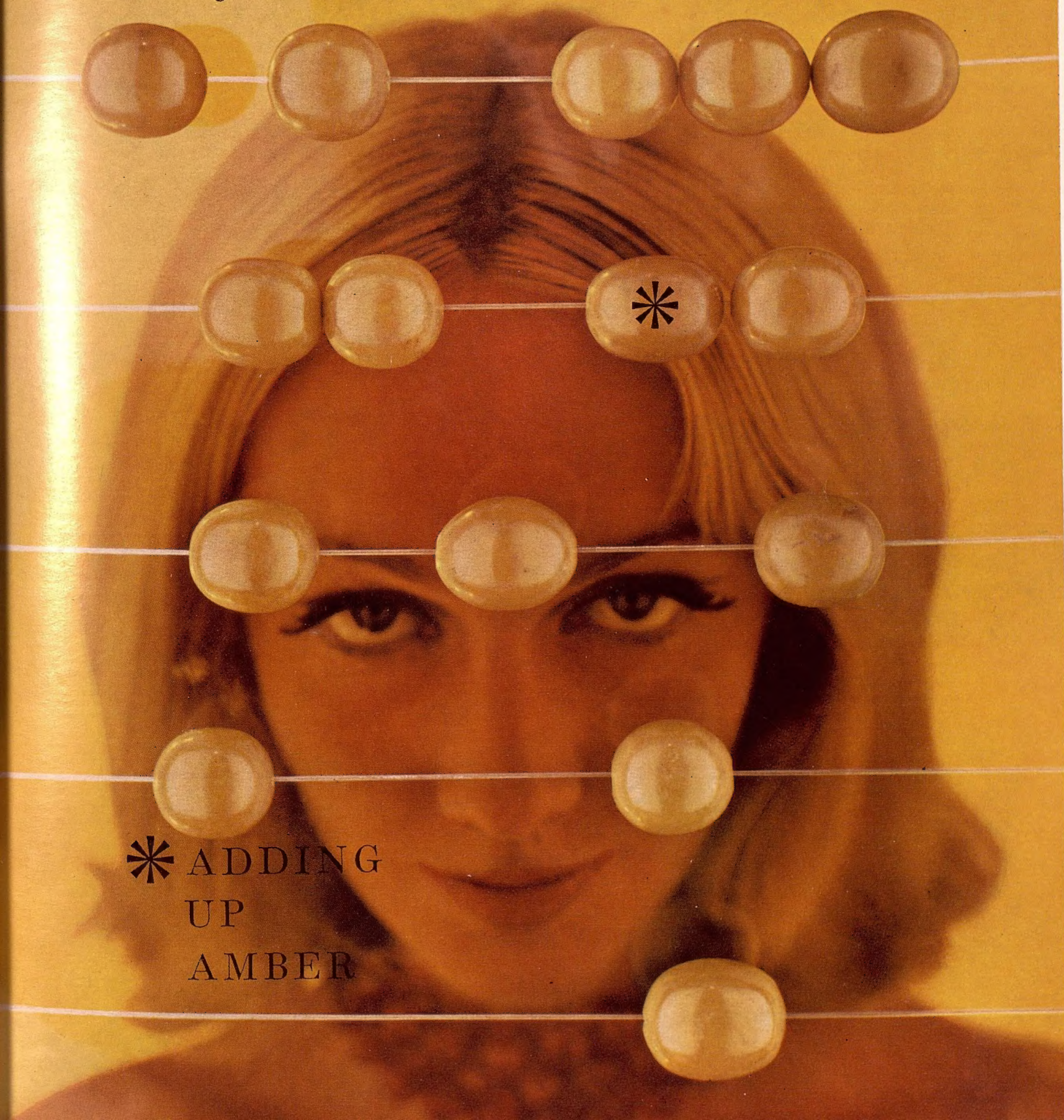


THE

Tatler

THE DISESTABLISHMENT

& Bystander 2s. weekly 20 July 1960



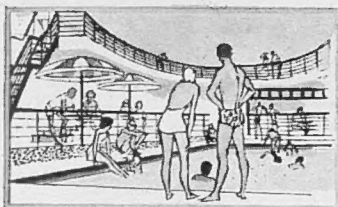
* ADDING
UP
AMBER

Captain Mayhew

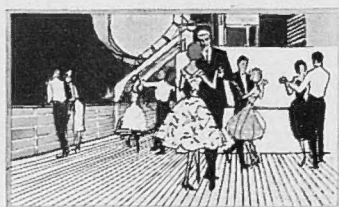
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invites you to look at this pictorial preview of his new command

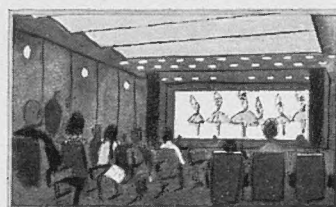
'WINDSOR CASTLE'



Who's for a bathe? Two swimming pools on deck, each with a verandah-lido. The passengers may be sun-tanned almost before they get to Las Palmas.



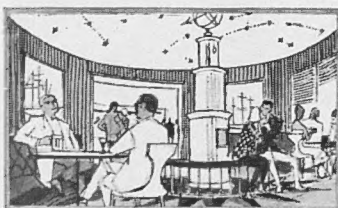
Shall we dance? In the lounges or on the decks. The 'Windsor Castle' has an expert five-man orchestra, equally good at 'Grand Hotel' for teatime and cool harmony for the evenings.



Stars of the screen. Film-shows every day, and some of the latest West-End films on every voyage. It's a large and very comfortable cinema, specially designed, and air-conditioned.



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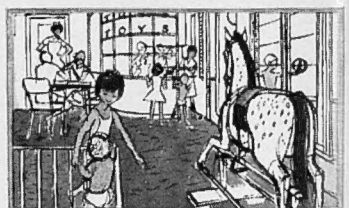
Out of the Sun. This gives you some idea of the Smoke Room, Tourist Class. Designed by Michael Inchbald, it consists of the Cockpit Bar, the 'Rotunda' Lounge and a Reading and Writing Room.



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the going's good by

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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVII Number 3073

20 JULY 1960

Page

GOING PLACES:

Going places to eat

by John Baker White 94

Going places late

by Douglas Sutherland 96

Going places abroad by Doone Beal 97

SOCIAL NEWS & PICTURES 102

FEATURES:

The Picasso block-buster

photographs by Alan Vines 99

No white elephant, this throne

by Professor Wilmott Ragsdale 107

Adding up amber 110

The Disestablishment 113

ALAN KILBRACKEN

My own parley at the summit 116

FASHION *Now is the time to buy furs* 117

DAVID SPY

Cuts corners in the kitchen 124

GOOD LOOKS 127

PREDICTS:

on plays by Anthony Cookman 128

on films by Elspeth Grant 129

on books by Siriol Hugh-Jones 130

on records by Gerald Lascelles 130

on galleries by Alan Roberts 131

MOTORING *Cars to keep you young* 132

WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS 135

DINING IN by Helen Burke 136

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE



Monster amber beads and, behind the abacus, a girl in an amber choker (both from *Sac Frères of Old Bond Street, W.1*). Amber can be any of the shades shown on the cover, which was photographed by COLIN SHERBORNE. See *Adding up Amber* (page 110)

THE CLASS STRUCTURE of society was first noted in England and the national talent for lines of demarcation remains. There is the much-dissected Establishment on one side of the fence, but a distinct hierarchy can be observed on the other side, too. Some of the more eminent members are for the first time identified and pigeonholed in this issue. For who's who in *The Disestablishment* see pages 113-15. . . . If there is an opposite to royal purple, the disestablished colour might well be amber. Nobody takes the "stone" seriously—but they may soon have to, as the stuff is becoming rarer, and there's nothing like scarcity for making people want things. As summer is amber's season (it gets washed up on beaches) this seemed a good time for sizing up this semi-precious misfit. It's called *Adding up amber* (page 110). . . . Harking back to the royal purple, this is the week of the State Visit of the King & Queen of Siam. Professor Wilmott Ragsdale, an American, went to Thailand for the Asia Foundation to teach at Thammasart University, and left his mark by actually raising funds for scholarships from the Thais themselves. He writes with authority and insight on the clarinet-tootling monarch of this fast-westernizing country and his dazzling consort: *No white elephant, this throne* (page 107 onwards). . . . Probably only Siamese pageantry could vie for colour with the sensational exhibition now at The Tate—the biggest collection of Picasso paintings, drawings and ceramics ever assembled. Alan Vines has photographed some of the personalities who flocked to see it, and he has also captured the atmosphere of *The Picasso block-buster* (page 99 onwards). The artistic merits of the exhibits are discussed by Alan Roberts in his usual weekly Verdict on Galleries (page 131). . . .

Two surprises: champagne and furs. The fashion girls say that *Now is the time to buy furs* (page 117 onwards) and Douglas Sutherland, around town on his new *Going Places Late* beat, says that bubbly (or do you say champers?) seems to have had its night in the night spots (page 96). . . .

Next week: The Yacht Class. . . .

P.S. Robin Douglas-Home says that when he stood on the Mount of Olives to photograph Jerusalem (6 July) he wasn't in Israel. All right, then, Jordan. Or even Palestine. It's impossible to avoid confusion in a place where Christian holy places are so often inside Moslem mosques.

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GOING PLACES



SOCIAL

Musical Soirée, tomorrow, Wilbraham House, S.W.1, in aid of the Victoria League. Tickets: 2 gns. from Col. Clarke (SLO 6101.)

Night of 100 Stars, tomorrow, midnight, at the London Palladium, in aid of Ivor Novello Charities. Tickets: 3 gns. to 15 gns. from Mr. C. Harris (GER 7375.)

Bow Group Summer Dance, 22 July, Hurlingham. Organizer: Mr. M. Wheaton (MAN 4343.)

Goodwood Races, 26 to 29 July.

Cliveden Garden Party & Fete, Maidenhead, 30 July, 2.30-5.30, in aid of Bucks & Berks St. John Ambulance Association & St. John Ambulance Brigade. Entrance: 1s. adults, 6d. children, 2s. 6d. cars.

Cowes Week, 30 July-6 August (fireworks night 5th.)

Royal London Yacht Club Cowes Week Ball, 2 August, Northwood House, Cowes. Tickets: 2 gns. from the Hon. Secretary, R.L.Y.C., Cowes.

SPORT & SHOWS

Cricket: Fourth Test Match, England v. South Africa, Old Trafford, 21-26 July; Surrey v. South Africans, 27-29 July; Portsmouth Cricket Week, 25-30 July.

Golf: Scottish Amateur Championship, Carnoustie, Angus, to 23 July.

National Gliding Week: Sutton Bank Yorks; Dunstable, Beds., Gt. Hucklow, Derbyshire, Edgehill, Warwickshire, 24 July-1 August.

Polo: Goodwood Week Tournament, Cowdray Park, 24 July-1 August.

Sailing: Plymouth Regatta Week, to 23 July; Bexhill Sailing Week, 24 to 30 July.

Tennis: Inter-Counties Tennis Week Exmouth, to 23 July; Tunbridge Wells Open Tournament, 25-30 July. **Royal International Horse Show**, White City, to 23 July.

MUSICAL

Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, start 23 July. 7.30 p.m. (KEN 8212.)

London Festival Ballet: *Les Sylphides*, *Bonaparte*, (London première), *Graduation Ball*, today & 21 July; *Swan Lake*, (Act II), *The Witch Boy*, *Symphony For Fun*, 22, 23, 25 July. 7.30 p.m. Matinees Wed, Sat, 2.30 p.m. Royal Festival Hall (WAT 3191.)

Ballet Rambert Season, Sadler's Wells. *The Two Brothers*, *La Sylphide* (first British production) tonight & 21 July; *Lilac Garden*, *Judgment of Paris*, *Dark Elegies*, *Gala Performance*, 22 July; *Coppelia* and *Gala Performance*, 7.30 p.m. 23 July. Matinee 23 July 2.30 p.m. *Coppelia*. (TER 1672/3.)

Holland Park Symphony Concert, 8 p.m., 24 July.

ART

Picasso (restrospective), Tate Gallery, to 18 September.

Picasso (Blue Period pastels & drawings, 1945 bronzes), O'Hana Gallery, Carlos Place, W.1, to 28 July.

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly, to 14 August.

Nicolas Schöffer (sculpture), I.C.A. Gallery, Dover St., W.1, to 30 July.

FESTIVALS

Hintlesham Festival, Hintlesham Hall, Ipswich, to 1 August.

Haselmere Festival of Early Chamber Music, to 23 July.

King's Lynn Festival, 23-30 July.

OPEN AIR

Bath Tattoo. Tonight to 23 July.

Summer Drama Festival. Plays by Elizabethan & Jacobean authors. Stratford-on-Avon. To 6 August.

Regent's Park Open Air Theatre. *Tobias & the Angel*, 7.30 p.m.,

After the Bolshoi Ballet, the Moscow State Circus, making a return visit in a six-week season presented by Tom Arnold at the Empire Pool, Wembley, from 29 July. Here the wire-walking Voljanskys perform

mats. Wed, Thu, Sat, 2.30 p.m. (HUN 0925.)

EXHIBITIONS

Regency Exhibition, Brighton, to 2 October.

"Made in the country," Tea Centre, Lower Regent St., to 29 July.

Ceremonial Robes, Arundel Castle, Mondays to Fridays inclusive, to 30 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royal Court Theatre. *I'm Talking About Jerusalem*. 27 July.

Lyric, Hammersmith. *Miss Julie*, and *The Proposal*. 28 July.

Empire Pool, Wembley. *Moscow State Circus*. 29 July.

THEATRE

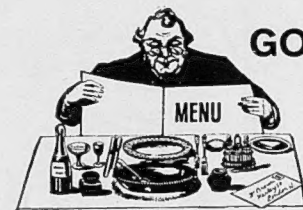
From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 128.

The Caretaker. "... Mr. Harold Pinter ... has found a way of pleasing, as well as slightly dazing, an audience ... brilliantly directed and acted." Donald Pleasence, Peter Woodthorpe, Alan Bates. (Duchess Theatre, TEM 8243.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 129.

Inherit The Wind. "... a superb piece of entertainment ... recalls the 'Monkey Trial' of 1925 in a small Tennessee town ... astonishing and enthralling." Spencer Tracy, Fredric March. (Astoria, GER 5385.)



GOING PLACES TO EAT

by John

Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Chez Victor, 45 Wardour Street. (GER. 6523.) C.S. The lower end of the street is singularly unattractive, but this small restaurant is an oasis in the desert. It might have been transported unspoilt from Lyon, Lille or Marseille. Good bourgeois cooking, including a real *pâté maison* and excellent coffee: a well-cooked three-course meal, excluding wine, need not cost more than 12s. Much of the company is made up of regulars who know French cooking, but I was surprised when the waiter could not produce a packet of Gauloises.

Jabberwocky, 145 Ebury Street. (SLO. 7847.) C.S. In the opinion of a highly experienced traveller the most pleasant way to go to Paris is by the night ferry, having first had dinner at this small restaurant. It specializes in a limited number of dishes cooked specially for you, and the quality is high. The atmosphere is pleasantly informal, and its popularity with established customers is evident. W.B.

Le Rouge et le Noir, Pelham Street, South Kensington. (KEN 0780.) C.S. Small, plainly but adequately furnished in black and red, it is very popular, and to go on chance in the evenings may lead to disappointment. The menu is limited but the cooking really good. Full marks for the *pâté* and *caneton à l'orange* and the special sweet omelette. There is a club licence for wines—or take your own. Open until 11.30 p.m. The guitar music is almost continuous, but restrained. W.B.

La Speranza, 1.9 Old Brompton Road. (KEN 9437.) This restaurant is often full on Monday evenings, a pointer to its popularity. By

maintaining its standards over a long period, it has encouraged many regulars. The Italian wines including a white Valtellina are particularly well chosen. The *jambon de Parme* and the *osso-buco* are usually particularly good. W.B.

Savoy Grill, W.C.2. (TEM 4343.) The words "Savoy Grill at One" have the same magic in the 60s as they had in the 30s. Its popularity the world over remains undimmed with people who know that its food, wines and service are unvaryingly first class. But any restaurant, however good, must have personality to attain an international reputation, and this is provided by Luigi, aided by Pelosi and other old friends. W.B.

White City Stadium Restaurant. (SHE 5544.) Thursday and Saturday evenings only. Good food, fine wines and first-class greyhound racing, all together at reasonable cost. If you feel like a flutter the Tote is at your elbow (first race 7.30 p.m.). In charge of the spacious kitchens is a pupil of the great Escoffier; and the service is excellent. Booking essential.

Derbyshire delights

Peacock Inn, Rowsley, Derbyshire. (Darley Dale 3118.) Turtle soup. Trout from the river at the bottom of the garden. Plump duckling. Asparagus from the garden. Strawberries from the same place, with Grand Marnier, and Jersey cream from across the road. That was the splendid dinner they set before us at the Peacock on a warm June evening. There is a new and charming bar in this beautiful house which has been an inn for 300 years. Rooms can be had, and it is an ideal centre for Chatsworth and the Peak District National Park. W.B.



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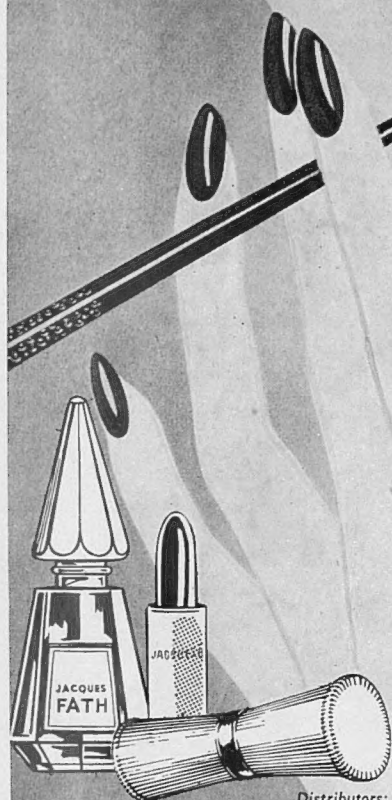
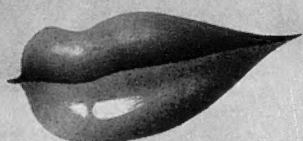
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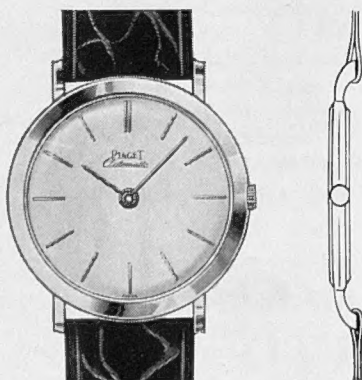


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GOING PLACES LATE

by Douglas

Sutherland

CHAMPAGNE REMAINS THE SYMBOLIC drink of high-life revelry, but how far does its reputation still fit the facts? It is true that Britain is still the champagne makers' best export market and sales rose last year. But it looks as though most of the consumption must go on at weddings, official receptions and publicity parties. Anyway, it is easy to observe that nothing on the scale of what the Champagne Charlies used to pour out for their actresses is any longer served in London's late-night rendezvous. I find this strange because, even allowing for the vastly increased cost of entertainment in London today, I suppose there are just as many if not more heavy spenders than in the heyday of Romano's and the Café Royal.

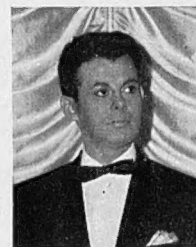
As recently as before the last war, luncheon at the Savoy was a champagne occasion, but today even at dinner it is not often that I see the ice bucket being placed in position. There is a connoisseur cult that maintains that the best time to drink champagne is not at night but at 11 o'clock in the morning—yet I know only of El Vino, in Fleet Street, where champagne is habitually drunk before luncheon. (Perhaps I should also mention a small pub off Berkeley Square where I have observed a solitary and distinguished customer who partakes of a bottle most mornings. Inquiries elicited the information that he is the head chef of a large West End hotel and I am sure that his menus are the better for it!)

I should be sorry to see the champagne habit go the way of the Madeira habit, and I think this delightful wine deserves a more intelligent price policy from its purveyors. There are few first-class hotels where even a non-vintage champagne can be had for much under £3 a bottle. In night clubs it may cost even more and I have never been able to discover why this should be so. When you consider that most *grande marque* champagnes can be bought at a trade price of little more than £1, somebody must be putting away some golden eggs and perhaps killing off the goose in the process.

Nor has the recent reduction of 2s. in duty made any impact on the average wine list.

Fashions in the various brands, too, are changing. There was the day when the rival merits of each vintage of "The Boy" (Pol Roger) and "The Widow" (Veuve Clicquot) were keenly argued. Today it is Moët & Chandon who have the bulk of the trade, with Charles Heidsieck a good second. Only Krug has remained entrenched as the rich man's champagne, probably because the comparatively small amount produced makes it hard to get and therefore, rather perversely, more desirable.

I note, however, a neat piece of marketing at Winston's Club off Bond Street where Pol Roger is *de rigueur*. "Of course all my customers drink Pol Roger," explained the proprietor, Bruce Brace,



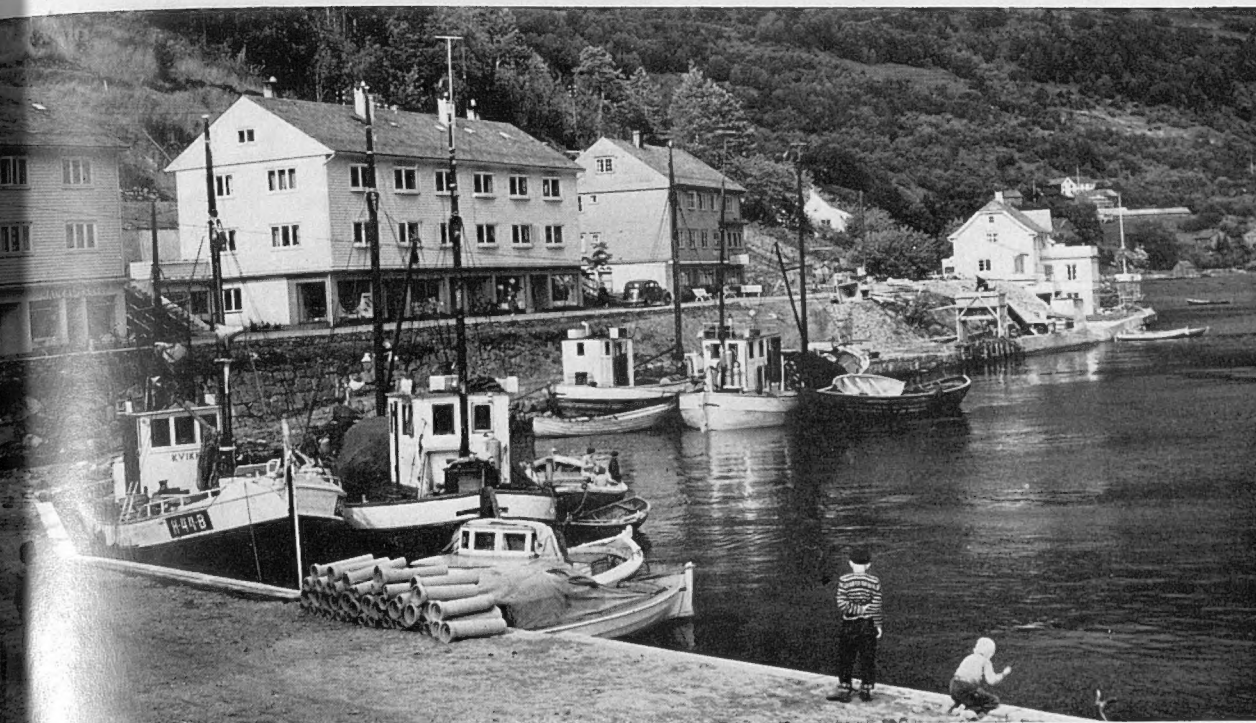
Two faces of . . .



. . . Danny La Rue

"after all, it is Sir Winston Churchill's favourite wine." A *non sequitur* maybe, but to my mind a delightful one.

Incidentally, welcome back to Danny La Rue at Winston's. I have a rooted antipathy to "resident comedians," particularly in night clubs. Equally, female impersonators leave me cold. Danny La Rue is both and yet manages to hold together an hour-long floor show which is to my mind consistently the best value for money in town.



The fishing village of Ulvik at the head of Hardangerfjord in southern Norway

J. ALLAN CASH

GOING PLACES ABROAD

by Doone Beal

In quest of quietness

THE jet age and package touring have made ever more elusive and precious the poetically quiet. It gets harder to escape that classic trio, "dogs, wireless and children," harder, too, to shut out the whine of aircraft and the shudder of coaches. True, you could have Garoupe beach at Antibes to yourself early in May, or Tuscany without a tourist in November, but people forced to holiday in August and early September must do so in the face of stiff competition.

There are certain hotels in Europe, though, whose very luxury and seclusion guarantee a degree of quietness. The Mimbelli Palace, in Corfu for example, with its acres of garden and a private road leading to its own beach; the Club Hotel at Torre de Calopiccola, on the Orbetello peninsula some 100 miles north of Rome; the Regina Isabella in Ischia; the Baumanière, an hotel with three-star food in a lovely wilderness of Provence; and, in southern Spain, the Golf Hotel near Marbella.

But what of *places* that are quiet in themselves? The lack of any wheeled traffic in Hydra, Myconos

and some others of the Greek islands eliminates noise and bustle of one kind, but nobody can pretend that they are not crowded. In my experience, the top contender for real solitude is Sardinia which I described in two recent articles. 2,000 miles of coastline cannot, in the nature of things, get crowded. The best beaches are the Lido (misleadingly named because it is a great white deserted strip, starred with sand iris) just outside Alghero; the islands of Maddalena, Caprera, Santa Maria and Sparghi off the north coast; the sand-dune coast between Olbia and Cala Gonone; Santa Margherita on the south-west coast, with one of the island's best hotels; and the island of Carlo Forte nearby, where life revolves around the tunny-fishing industry and one wines, dines and lives for £1 15s. a day in its only hotel, the Riviera. Sardinia also has the advantage of easy access now that B.E.A. have started their direct flights there (£55 return).

I remember, too, some blissful solitude in Norway in late July and August. Along the west coast, for example, starting from Bergen you

can take a 10-hour steamer trip up Sognefjord to Balestrand. Entire villages turn out to greet the boats, collect mail, ship vegetables and fruit, or join the major production of hoisting aboard one of those fat, cocoa-coloured ponies. The surprise is to discover that Balestrand (where, incidentally, there is a good hotel, the Kvikne) is merely the starting point for exploring the fjord country proper—or rather the small inner fjords which contribute to the main one in a star-shaped, seemingly land-locked knot. Surprising, too, to find, in this blue-white glacial landscape, toy-sized villages in their own brilliant green oases, all but buried in the crevices between the mountains. These villages are thriving market garden centres and even grow tobacco.

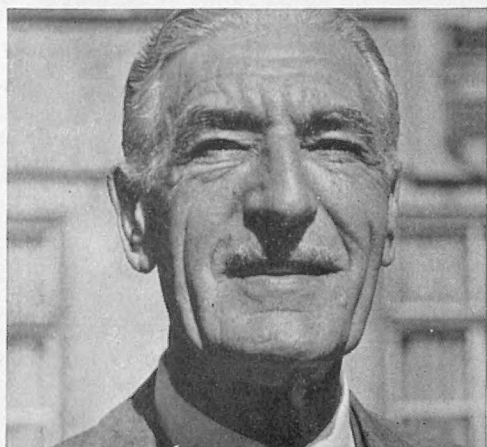
Another peaceful area is the mountain and lake region around Voss (about two hours' journey by electric train from Bergen). Even in August, the snow still lingers there, though the sun is hot enough to burn. The landscape is all crabbed farmhouses, larch forests and icy streams with low lichen-covered rock and bracken by the lake shores. Life is simplified to a rowing boat and picnic lunch, and swimming or fishing in the lake.

And yet, quiet though they are, these areas are positively bustling compared with the "top of the fjord" country that lies between Bergen and Trondheim. I have only flown over it, but I can believe the descriptions of the quite spectacular beauty of More and Romsdal, and the Geiranger Fjord. The Geiranger Road, a classic piece of engineering, descends in a series of hairpin bends from the mountains to the fjord itself, culminating in the famous view at Flydalsjuvet. Places at which to stay are Kristiansund, which is built on a series of islands linked by bridges, Molde, or Alesund, a famous fishing centre.

Norway's roads are good, and so far as a motoring holiday is concerned, it is about the best bet of the lot. Without a car, it is still easy to get about by electric train, by coach or bus, and by the new hydrofoil boats which ply, at 70 miles an hour, the waters between Bergen and Stavanger. B.E.A. and S.A.S. run direct flights from London to Oslo, Bergen and Stavanger, and S.A.S. operate a useful internal network, and include also Trondheim, in the north. Self-drive cars can be hired from either company.

So far as hotels are concerned, there is no lack of the clean-scrubbed, simple variety, rather in the Alpine tradition. If a bar and hard liquor figure largely in your standard of comforts, try to stay in one of the Turisthotels, otherwise you may be frustrated in a country with even more aggravating liquor laws than our own. For helpful advice, go to the Norwegian State Tourist office at 20 Pall Mall.

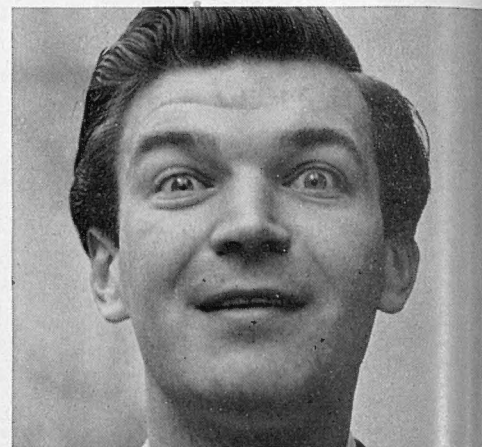
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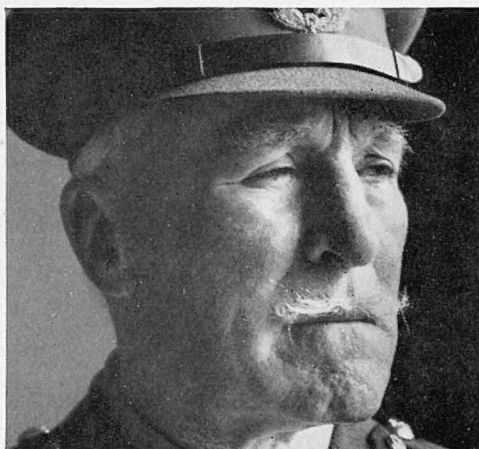
In-laws inexpensively



Tourists thriftily



Mums modestly



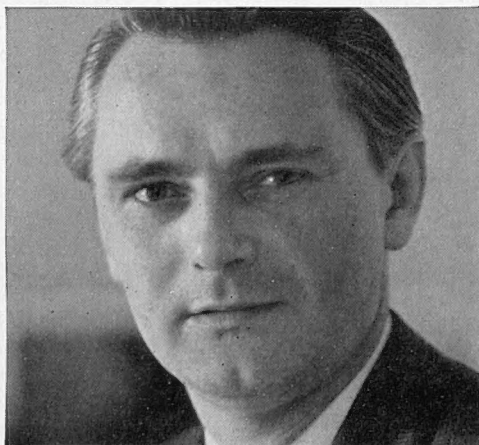
Officers obediently



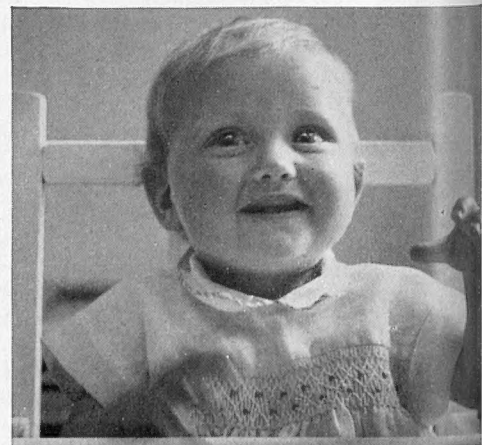
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20 JULY 1960



THE PICASSO BLOCK- BUSTER

It was like a British benefit week for Pablo Picasso. At the O'Hana Gallery in Carlos Place he had an exhibition of early drawings and pastels (some very early, by the look of them); at the Hanover Gallery in St. George Street an exhibition of recent lino cuts; at the Marlborough, and in Eastbourne at the Tower, a few miscellaneous items; and at the Tate the biggest collection of his paintings ever assembled. The tremendous Tate exhibition was launched with a party on a scale to match, and appropriately the biggest exhibit greeted guests (*above*) in the opening gallery. It was the drop curtain for *Parade*, the Diaghilev ballet (first presented in 1917) for which Picasso also designed the costumes and scenery. In the first five days no fewer than 25,000 people saw the Tate exhibition

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALAN VINES

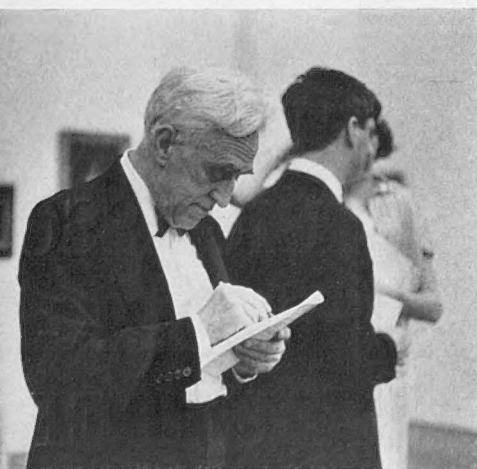
Right: Mr. Tom Meyer, whose wife Mrs. Fleur Cowles Meyer was on the party's organizing committee, Mr. Chaim Raphael, Miss Bonnie Cashin, an American designer, Count Ahlefeldt-Laurrig, and Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli



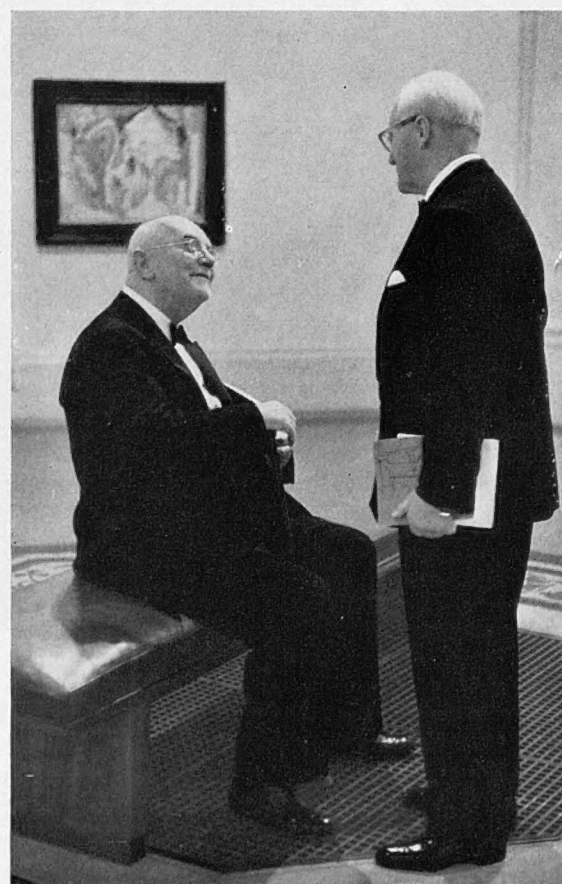
THE PICASSO BLOCK-BUSTER

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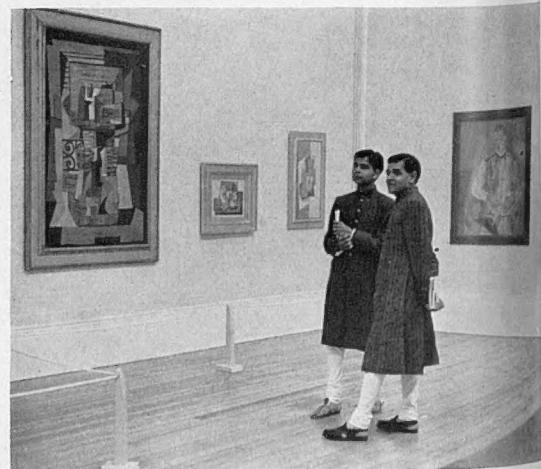
Left: Mr. Roland Penrose, chairman of the I.C.A. management committee, spent three years selecting the pictures for the Arts Council. He is here discussing the hanging with Mr. Gabriel White, the council's art director



Mr. Kingsley Martin, editor of the New Statesman & Nation



Left: Prof. Lionello Venturi, the Rome art historian, with Mr. G. Kahnweiler, brother of Picasso's dealer



Mr. Anand Sarabhai and Mr. Suhrid Sarabhai, brothers from Ahmedabad, India, who are both up at Cambridge



the Hon. James Ogilvy, Mrs. Louis Rawlings, the Hon. Mrs. Ogilvy and Mr. Louis Rawlings. Flanking them are two of the paintings from the post World War period, *Pipes of Pan* (1923) one of the 90 odd lent by Picasso, and *Girl with a Mandolin*, (1925), which comes from a private collection in New York



Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Knapp, Mr. Henry Moore, & Mrs. Erica Brausen of the Hanover Gallery



Mrs. John Huston, wife of the film director. Background: *La Toilette* (1906) and *Girl with a Pitcher* (1905)



Mr. Perry Rathbone, Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Mr. George Dicks and Mrs. G. E. Dicks

MURIEL
BOWEN:*From the Tate
to the Zoo*

IT SEEMED as if nobody (except Picasso himself) wanted to be left out of the party to launch the Picasso Exhibition at the Tate. "Just like the Inner Circle at the rush hour," joked Prince Philip to his niece, Princess Tomislav of Yugoslavia. Eyes focused on international names like Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli, Baron Alain de Rothschild from Paris and his cousin, Baroness Alix, Mme. Helena Rubinstein in cream satin, jewelled from head to toe, Mrs. Pandit, India's High Commissioner, and the Duc d'Ursel, noted connoisseur from Brussels.

This cosmopolitan atmosphere was only to be expected. Contemporary art nowadays is an international phenomenon, with the great pictures forever crossing frontiers, and shunting about in salerooms. (*Pictures on previous page.*)

I noticed Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart, Mr. Maurice Edelman, M.P., and Lady (Charlotte) Bonham-Carter looking at *The Charnel House*. Painted in 1945, it is Picasso's impression of the catastrophe of World War Two. It was exhibited by Mr. Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., of the American car family. A little farther along, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.P., the Hon. Vanessa Jebb, and Mr. Patrick & the Hon. Mrs. de Laszlo were studying *The Three Musicians*, painted in 1921 and reputed to be the masterpiece of cubism. I studied it, too, but to me Picasso is a puzzle. I could not get *three* musicians. But this was one of the pictures, a gallery official told me, that Sir John Rothenstein had checked to make sure it wasn't hanging upside down.

This picture had also crossed the Atlantic for the exhibition and was lent by the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Pictures have come from all over Europe, America, and even Australia—but nothing from Russia. Our Embassy in Moscow and Sir Philip Hendy (Director of the National Gallery) were getting along nicely in their negotiations. Then came the Summit breakdown and the Russians refused to go on discussing lending some of the early Picassos.

I talked to Mr. Roland Penrose, the chairman of the Institute of Contemporary Arts, about his selection of the 278 pictures on exhibition. It took him the better part of three

years, and more than 10,000 miles of travel.

"It's not so difficult getting a *new* collector to lend his pictures," said Mr. Penrose who farms in Sussex besides taking so active an interest in art. "He thinks it will make it better known and thereby it will become more valuable. An older collector, though, is far more sticky."

Picasso himself lent 99. He doesn't mind so much lending, but he hates to sell. His château near Cannes is a veritable treasure chest—pictures everywhere, some hemmed in by fallen plaster. They gather about him like his relations, who come for a day or two but never push off.

The exhibition has been a great coup for the Institute of Contemporary Arts who organized it, and just at the right time too. "I knew it would be a success," commented Mr. Penrose, "but it is a bigger success now than it would have been ten or even five years ago." There were visitors (at five guineas a ticket to the party) who would not even have cared to admit a few years back, to a liking for Picasso.

The Institute seeks a £100,000 building of its own, preferably opposite the Victoria & Albert. A vast sum, but there are some forthright people, women especially, kindling support for a London centre of *avant garde* art. They include Lady (Clifford) Norton, amusing wife of the one-time Ambassador to Greece, Mrs. Dorothy Morland, a doctor's widow, Miss Nancy Balfour,

Princess Alice at Rosehill Arts Theatre

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEWIS MORLEY



Lady Kennedy, wife of Sir John Kennedy



Mr. & Mrs. T. Robinson & the Hon. M. & Mrs. Eden



Miss Valerie Watson

who edits the American supplement in *The Economist*, and American-born **Lady Ogilvy**.

OPERA IN CUMBERLAND

Another artistic occasion was the visit of **Princess Alice** to the theatre at Rosehill, Cumberland. She went to one of the two end-of-season concerts (our pictures were taken at both) given by honey-voiced **Sari Barabas**, leading Hungarian coloratura, and her husband, **Franz Klarwein** of the Munich State Opera. Rosehill, appropriately surrounded by roses, is in the North of England's Glyndebourne. It's at Boreasby, a delightful setting in a fold of the Cumbrian hills.

The theatre is the dream-come-true of that comic, Hungarian-born silk magnate Mr. **Miki Sekers**. Many people wondered last September when the theatre opened if it could be going in remote, if unspoilt, Cumberland. But Cumberland has succumbed. Mr. Sekers's initiative, and the performances of distinguished artists including Yehudi Menuhin and Emlyn Williams have made it a sell out from the beginning.

"Theatre is more worrying than silk mills are, but then whatever you do in life is worry," observed Mr. Sekers. He raised more than £1,000 in five years to put the non-profit-making Rosehill on its feet. Much of the money,

up to £1,000 a time, came from industry. It is now administered by an Arts Trust which has **Major-General Sir John Kennedy** as chairman and among the members Mrs. **Peter Thorneycroft**, **Sir David Webster**, **Mr. Leopold de Rothschild**, and **Lady Birley** (a Glyndebourne habitué).

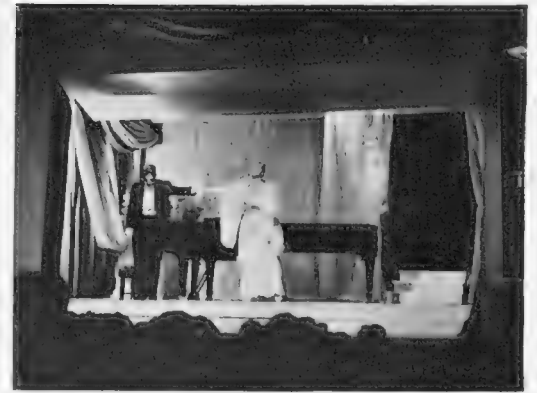
"What we are trying to do," explains Mr. Sekers, "is to revive the 18th-century idea of intimate performances as they were given in the great country houses."

The young, music-loving Marquess of Londonderry found the effort so appealing that he is considering something similar for Wynyard Park in Co. Durham. For years it's been used as a school, but the lease ends in about six months.

I got to Rosehill for the performance attended by Princess Alice after a social whisk of parties and sightseeing conducted in turn by Mr. Sekers, and Mr. & Mrs. **Thomas de Gara**.

"I hope they didn't tell you that all the lakes are in Cumberland," inquired Mr. **Henry Hornyold-Strickland** when I arrived at the theatre. "Some of the loveliest lakes to be seen anywhere are in Westmorland." He should know; he's the county's Lord Lieutenant.

Princess Alice sat in a box at the back of the theatre with Sir John & Lady Kennedy, her weekend host and hostess, and afterwards dined with Mr. Sekers. Also in the box were **Sir Fergus Graham**, the new Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland, & **Lady Graham**. He was M.P. for



Mme. Sari Barabas with Mr. Edward Downes, one of the conductors at Covent Garden, who accompanied her

Darlington until he gave up his seat at the last election. Lady Graham, as chairman of the National Women's Advisory Committee for the past three years, has had an important niche in Tory councils.

I asked Lady Graham if life is less hurried now that her husband is no longer an M.P., but apart from the travelling it doesn't seem to make much difference. "Cumberland is a very busy place—they never stop up here. They're always on the go," she told me.

Others present at the theatre that night were **Lady Priscilla Aird**, **Major & Mrs. James Westall**, **Mr. & Mrs. J. C. Wykes**, **Mr. Cornish Torbock**, **Lady Ponsonby**, **Mr. & Mrs. R. Lyon**

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, arrived for the performance with her lady in waiting, Mrs. Mure



Mr. Miki Sekers with Sir Fergus & Lady Graham

Wyllie, the Hon. Michael & Mrs. Eden, and Mrs. Dorothy Pringle.

For the following evening's concert, the theatre was again crowded. Those present included the Bishop of Carlisle & Mrs. Bloomer, Mr. & Mrs. R. F. Dickinson, Lady Dashwood (just off to Minorea for the summer), Mr. & Mrs. Richard Cavendish, and the Rev. Peter & Lady Alethea Eliot.

SIR VICTOR'S THEORIES

In London a pre-dinner drink with Sir Victor & Lady Sassoon at their Curzon Street flat didn't turn out quite as I had expected. "Stop! Just as you are—don't stir. *Wait!*" That was how they greeted me. Both had cameras. Sir Victor's was an expensive develop-in-a-minute job, and Lady Sassoon had a \$6 American one which she said took marvellous pictures. There were cameras and films all over the place, including a vast new telescopic lens which I was surprised to find was light as a feather and doesn't need a tripod. Now Sir Victor will be able to take his racehorses from his grandstand box.

Talk naturally got around to horses, as the 78-year-old Sir Victor has been making a habit of winning the Derby.

I asked about the famous Beech House Stud at Newmarket, which he acquired from Mr. Martin Benson recently. He bought it because he needed it. With one stud in Ireland, three in Yorkshire, and one in Newmarket there just wasn't room enough for all those big-race winners. Twenty-five years ago the late Aga Khan was acquiring studs in the same way.

So much in racing depends on breeding, and that takes time. Sir Victor has worked on the same theories for 30 years and now, in the last few years, he's seen them proved right. This is what he had to say about them:

"Everybody's doing it now, but I've gone in for outcrossing the whole time, to the Irish and the French. A lot of people don't agree with me but there is no need for the dam to be a first-class race mare. I'm satisfied if she's won one little race so that I know she can run . . . and 40 per cent of big-race successes prove that to be right."

It will be proved again if his Derby winner St. Paddy pulls off the St. Leger—the only big race Sir Victor hasn't won—and trainer Noel Murless is determined that he shall win it.

On a table in the flat was the most ferocious-looking shillelagh I'd ever seen, and all jollied up in Sir Victor's peacock-blue and yellow colours. "It was a present after St. Paddy's Derby victory, but you should see the note that came with it!" said Lady Sassoon.

The note read: "*The Irish use this on their horses or their wives. You're horse obviously doesn't need it.*"

DEBS AT THE ZOO

When Mrs. John Hadden, Mrs. Alan Campbell-Johnson, and Mrs. Jack Rashleigh Belcher put their heads together over where to hold a coming-out dance for their daughters they decided on the zoo (*pictures on page 106*). Despite the attraction of other débutante parties on the same night Miss Melanie Hadden, Miss Sara Rashleigh Belcher and Miss Virginia Campbell-Johnson had no difficulty in getting their young friends along there.

Dancing was in the Fellows Restaurant, but the hardier spirits ignored the occasional rain-drops and danced on the lawn. It was a lovely setting for a dance, with beads of coloured lights strung from tree to tree in that hallowed ground, the Fellows Garden.

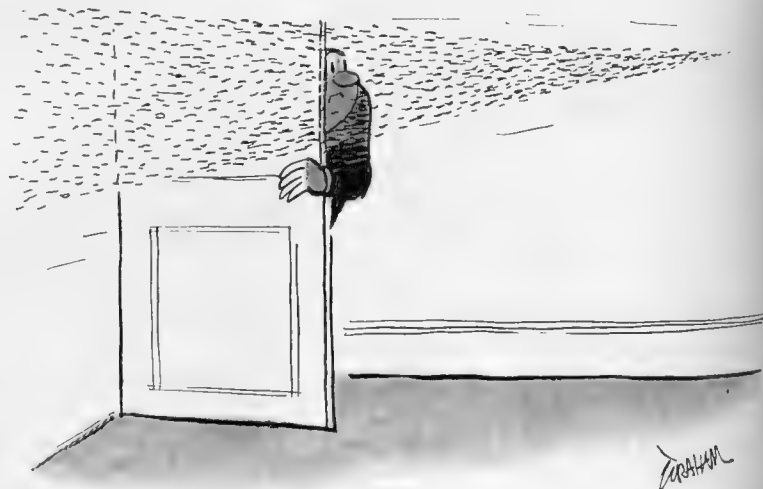
I had hoped to see some of the animals, but they were resting. All, that is to say, except Miss Rashleigh Belcher's pet mouse.

"We didn't want the animals in the Zoo disturbed so we were careful about the young men we asked," explained her mother. And that, I suppose, was one good reason for asking Mr. Andrew Grimond, Mr. Noel Cunningham-Reid, Mr. John Dance, Viscount Gormanston, and the Hon. Julian Byng.

MR. HUMPHREY MAUD: There was a mix-up of Mauds and Maudes in my column of July 6. Mr. Humphrey Maud of the Foreign Office is the son of Sir John Maud of the Commonwealth Relations Office—not to be confused, as he was by me, with Judge John Maude, or for that matter with Sir John Maude who used to be in the Ministry of Health.

Sir Victor & Lady Sassoon with new camera. The telescopic lens is for photographing, among other things, his racehorses at long distance. This picture was taken by BARRY SWAEBE at their flat in Curzon Street

BRIGGS by Graham







*Mr. Michael Sabey and
Miss Alexandra Hobson*



*Miss Sarah Rashleigh Belcher, Miss Virginia Campbell-Johnson and
Miss Melanie Hadden, the débutantes for whom the dance was given*

Coming-out dance at THE ZOO



*Miss Catriona Glencairn-Campbell, daughter of
Lady Muir Mackenzie, with Mr. Oliver Marriott*



*Miss Pamela Savill, who had a coming-out dance
in Hampshire last month, with Mr. Nicholas Cooke*



*Miss Juliet Astley-Cooper and Mr. Hew Service.
Muriel Bowen reports the dance on page 104*



*Mr. Peter Talbot-Ponsonby, Miss Nike Kent Taylor and Miss Penelope
Staveley-Hill who had her dance at Hampton Court Palace in June*

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE

The girls and their parents gathered in the Fellows' Garden before the party. From left: Mrs. Jack Rashleigh Belcher, Mrs. Alan Campbell-Johnson, Sarah Rashleigh Belcher, Mr. Rashleigh Belcher, Melanie Hadden, Virginia Campbell-Johnson and Mr. & Mrs. John Hadden

NO WHITE ELEPHANT, THIS THRONE

by Wilmott Ragsdale

WHEN a Harvard medical school classmate of Prince Mahidol of Thailand arrived in Bangkok recently he telephoned a friend. The friend told him during the conversation that Prince Mahidol had died. "I haven't heard from him in years," said the Harvard man, "but I recall we were two little boys. Do you know what's become of them?" "Oh, yes," said his friend. "The elder boy was murdered, but the younger son is doing pretty well. He's the king."

Suddenly, this introduces the career of King Bhumibol Aduladej, 32, who arrived in London yesterday, accompanied by Queen Sirikit, aged 27, and their four children of nine, seven, five and three. Although the couple have hardly been out of Thailand since their marriage, in 1950, both spent a large part of their earlier lives abroad. Queen Sirikit is the daughter of a former Thai Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. King Bhumibol was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was educated chiefly in Switzerland. He was at school there when his brother Ananda was found dead (later shown to have been murdered). He went home to be invested as successor but, when he returned again from Switzerland, it was months before he was able to work.

He sat alone in the family villa, on the hill over the old city and the blue lake, before, at last, taking up his studies. He felt that he had to abandon his major interest in science and change to the study of law and political science. "My dream was to be a scientist," he still says.

After two years of new studies and wonderings about his new position he first met the young and beautiful daughter of the Thai Minister to France. Back in Lausanne a few months later, he was riding with his brother-in-law in a little Italian Topolino car. They sped around a mountain curve and flattened under a stalled truck. The accident injured the king's eye and put him into a hospital where he asked most urgently for one visitor . . . Sirikit.

In 1950 the king returned to Bangkok, and in April married his princess. After the wedding, the official coronation took place, in the Throne Hall—red and gold-star ceilinged—of the Grand Palace. Sitting on an eight-foot-high, many-tiered golden throne, and beneath a nine-tiered royal umbrella, the boy born in America who wanted to be a scientist became the ninth king of the House of Chakri.

The young king had puzzled about his role while in Switzerland, and he still did not appreciate his purpose when he first ascended the throne. "I signed papers, and held audiences, and presided at traditional ceremonies. But gradually, as we travelled about the country, I began to understand what my most useful role could be. I found that the people liked to talk to me, to tell me about their problems. It was as if we were some powerful father and mother that they could trust because I and my family had been with them for so long, however many governments might have been in office. When I began to feel this I knew what



the role of a king as a symbol was. And I discovered that when the people had told me their troubles I could get government offices to do something for them."

To maintain a position with his people which is at once human and yet, by formalities and customs, made superhuman, somewhat isolates the king from much of humanity. Even princes must approach him on their knees.

In view of his public personality, he often surprises visitors who meet him informally. At his son's recent birthday party, the king could hardly be distinguished from regular photographers in his desire to get at a good photographic angle.

He loves an opportunity to play with professional musicians. This spring a jazz group was invited to the palace for a party and jam session. From the way they spoke of the party, it was hard to identify the king as musician with the public personality. "He was great and funny," said one musician. "I told him, 'You're good. You could play in New York.' The king laughed and said, 'If I ever lose this job I'll go to New York and play in a night club and in the daytime I'll drive a taxi'."

The king not only plays many instruments, but also writes popular tunes—one of which, "Blue Night," was used in the late Mike Todd's production of *Peep Show*. Visiting musicians hold their own opinions about the king's musical merits, but they agree that he's good. He likes most the clarinet, sax and trombone. His clarinet is a French LeBlanc and he likes to show it. He's had it 12 years.

Every week the king's own private band broadcasts anonymously from the palace radio station. The band is made up of the king's musical friends, including the former prime minister Mom Rajawong Seni Pramoj—the title Mom Rajawong means four generations from a king. Thai titles recede. In four generations the descendants of Thai kings become commoners, which prevents a Czarist multiplication of titles.

This switch from the stern public king to the musician king takes in the two extremes. But, in between, the king is both a serious and a gay man. In an informal audience he dresses in a conservative grey three-button suit. He always wears dark glasses, even indoors, because of his eye injury. The king talks slowly and clearly in English, French or Thai. He likes to talk about education and to use his children as examples. His only son, Prince Vajiralongkorn, is seven years old. "I try to instill interest in science in my son," he says. "He has a toy rocket, which I use to show him the principles of rockets. We shoot it to the island in our little lake. Then we have to row out. Or we shoot it into the water and have to get wet to retrieve it. Then I tell him that scientists must work hard to achieve their goals. He thinks too much that he can begin at the top."

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



NO WHITE ELEPHANT, THIS THRONE *continued*

TRADITIONAL TURNOUT of retainers for the king's visit (in naval uniform) to a temple. He was a Buddhist monk for a time

Then, feeling perhaps that he has been over serious, the king conceded. "Of course, I often do not understand how my son thinks. He has a little car and he started to take everything off it that was not essential to its running. He took off the top and all the chromium. It ran just as well. But then he wanted to take off the wheels and to take out the engine. I asked him what he would do then. 'I'll walk,' he said."

Education for the princesses and especially for the royal prince—who will one day be king—is not just a problem of how to encourage learning, but of how to do it in such a way that the children are not over-revered by their teachers and the other students.

However modern the king and queen, they cannot change the customs of centuries overnight. As a combination of king, father and guardian of Buddhism, the monarch inspires such reverence in his subjects that it is impossible to forbid their ceremonies of respect. But they can do something for the education of their own children. The king explains the existence of a palace school by saying that "Public schools are not good. There, the teachers are too easy on royal

children. And perhaps the students are too hard. They may feel jealousy of the blue bloods. And just to have tutors, that is not good either. But we have a school here at the palace that takes the children of officials and also of the people who work around the palace."

The palace school is run by Dr. Tasinee Boonyakupta, a Ph.D. in education from the University of Wisconsin. She is firm, yet gentle, in her insistence that no particular favours are given the royal children. All wear the same dress; white shirts and shorts for boys, with tennis shoes for gym classes. Most of the six teachers are foreign-trained.

There is one male teacher, a Philippine Hawaiian named Domingo Los Banyos, who is in Thailand on a Fulbright contract. Every weekday morning, while it is still comparatively cool, he leads the 46 children in limbering-up exercises for half an hour. In this time, the royal prince learns, with the others, such games as Busy Bee, Dizzy Izzy, and Simple Simon. Los Banyos also teaches Occidental folk dances—La Raspa, Gustav's Skol, Pattycake Polka and the Virginia Reel.

"At first a nurse for the prince was always on hand," said Los Banyos. "But this made me nervous, so I asked Dr. Tasinee to keep her away. I think it made the prince nervous too. He was always aware that his nurse was there watching him. The little prince is now crazy about cars. He loves to go through automobile magazines, naming all the makes. And sometimes little model cars fall out of his pockets in tumbling classes. Once in a while the king asks me how the children are coming on. He doesn't approve of any laxness."

The queen loves to cook when there is time: she often makes Indian curry and roast chicken or steaks. Sometimes she and the king play badminton in the garden or in the school gymnasium, where two chairs are always placed conveniently for rest between matches. They like to invite the Thai champions to play, though they always lose to them. The only untactful tactic with them in this game is the smash.

Although the queen has an office of her own, she takes most of her work to the children's playroom, but not until she has, first thing after breakfast, taken exercise to keep her figure. There is no secret about it. She goes to the gymnasium and exercises for an hour and a half every

Queen Sirikit is considered the most beautiful consort in Asia. She married the king in 1950





TRADITIONAL CEREMONY of pouring lustral water over a prized white elephant. 'King of the White Elephant' was an ancient royal title

ing. "But it is not steady," she says. Some of the ladies in waiting sit with her and "We stop and talk. The rest of the morning I spend with my children, telling them stories playing with them. I spend as much time with my children as I can. We do not eat with the children because they eat much earlier. But we often are with them when they eat to teach them etiquette and to talk. In the afternoon I rest a little and always read at least two books. I love to read *The Three Kingdoms* [a many-volumed, classic Chinese historical novel] and classical Thai tales, so that I can retell them to my children. But I must be honest and say that I also like Agatha Christie."

Queen Sirikit's dressmaker for the last eight years has been a Thai woman, Kuhn Urai, who has never studied under any master but has visited Paris to see the salons. She worked with Pierre Balmain, when he stayed for ten days in Bangkok designing dresses for the present royal tour. Many of the fabrics come from Thailand; silks, embroidered silks, and native prints. The silk for one dress, woven with 22 carat gold thread, reportedly cost \$800.

The Thai dressmaker made up all the silk and cotton dresses in native fabric, and Balmain made up the woollens. The queen will wear English woollens in England and American woollens in the U.S.A. The royal wardrobe includes both Western and Thai-style dresses and suits. The latter are modern adaptations of old costumes. Says Balmain: "We wanted to show the elegance of the traditional Thai clothes, but also show that a beautiful woman from Asia can look glamorous in Western designs." The Thai dressmaker always finishes the queen's dresses in two fittings, for which she goes to the palace.

Of her own childhood in Bangkok she speaks simply. "We lived in a modern house on the great river." (Chao Phya, which runs through Bangkok.) "My father allowed me just to run and play and be a naughty girl. So I was always climbing the trees and swimming in the river.

"When I was six I was sent to school. My mother used to send us our lunches wrapped in paper. When I was 13 my father (Prince Chandaburi Suranath) was assigned abroad, first to London as ambassa-

dor for a year, and then to Denmark, and when I was 16, to Paris. I am sorry now that I was not kept at school. Instead I wanted to be a pianist. I used to practise six hours each day."

The king became a yellow-robed monk for three months, following the example of his great-grandfather, King Mongkut, who spent 26 years as a monk before ascending the throne—and inspiring the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical comedy. When *The King And I* was filmed, advance notices were distasteful enough to the Thais for it to be banned in Siam. Incidentally, Anna, the governess, was seemingly less vital in her actual role than appeared from her increasing fame—her own book progressed from a book about her, to a play, to a film. In his own voluminous diaries King Mongkut mentions her only once and that was to say, merely, "Mrs. Leonowens was a nuisance today."

King Mongkut's son, Chulalongkorn, visited Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. And now, with King Bhumibol and Queen Sirikit, comes the biggest-yet Thai royal tour. "We want to see something of the world," the king says. There is little doubt that the world will enjoy seeing something of the King and Queen of Siam.

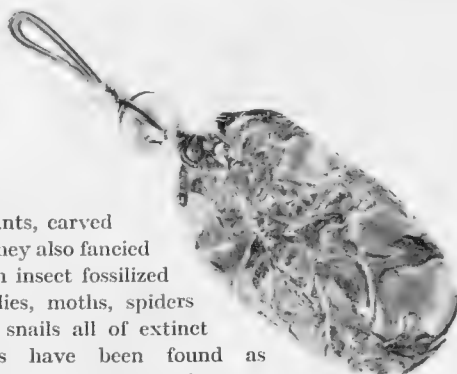


The royal jazz band at practice on a canal. The king is blowing a cornet in the stern. He plays several instruments, usually the clarinet

The odd fragment of this unique semi-precious substance is
Adding up **AMBER** *still found on*
the beach, but the sum total
is clearly declining, especially now that
the electronics industry is using up the stuff



People say their prayers on it. Prayer beads of amber are sold to Moslem pilgrims going to Mecca. Amber rosaries are common too among the Greeks



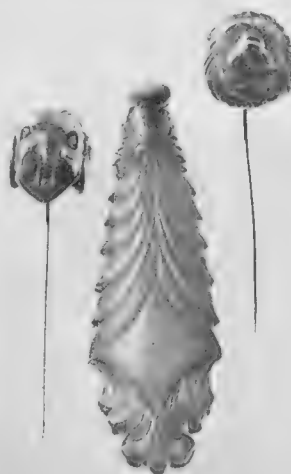
Victorians liked amber pendants, carved like this one from Cameo Corner. They also fancied pendants or necklaces with an insect fossilized in each bead. Ants, flies, moths, spiders and minute snails all of extinct species have been found as perfectly preserved as on the day they got caught in the sticky exudations on a tree millions of years ago

Smokers have always been partial to it—perhaps because it reminds them of nicotine but saves them the stains. This pipe and the holders are from Astley's in Jermyn Street. The Turkish hookah mouthpiece is worth £75 (but not for sale)



"Tiger, Tiger burning bright . . ." Amber was the colour of the fire that burnt in the beast's eyes. Lions and cats, too, have amber eyes. Likewise the girl in the novel

Many good imitations of genuine amber have been produced—from yellow glass, topaz, plastic, celluloid and synthetic resins. But they never fool the expert. All the substitutes can be cut with a suitable knife whereas the genuine thing (like this carved snuff bottle and the hatpins, all from Cameo Corner) invariably splinters



"Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 "Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
 "The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
 "But wonder how the devil they got there."
 —Alexander Pope



The Greeks called amber *elektron*, from which the word *electricity* is derived. Its property of attracting small particles when rubbed was noticed by the Ancients who suspected it of being magic—though Pliny soberly noted that it behaved "in the same way that the magnet attracts iron." He also knew that it's a pine resin, hardened by the



This is the first summer that "Ambre Solaire" and other conventional tanning lotions have been up against the new tan-in-a-bottle preparations. The latest to England—but the original in America—is Man Tan, the selling point of which is that it contains no

ie (a knock at competitors?)



Panels intricately carved, like these 17th-century German vase cherubs at Astley's, covered the walls and furniture. It was thought to be worth £100,000

The girl the novel was named after looks like living up to the "Forever" part of the title. The paperback version published by Corgi Books has sold 300,000 in the past three years. The original version notched up around 250,000 copies for Macdonalds. Now there's Angélique to reckon with



A Strad has amber in its varnish, but the exact recipe has been lost. The word *varnish* derives from *vernix*, a corruption of *Bernix*, Roman name for the golden-haired queen Berenice after whom yellow amber was named. Heated amber is still used for violin-making in a varnish known as colophony



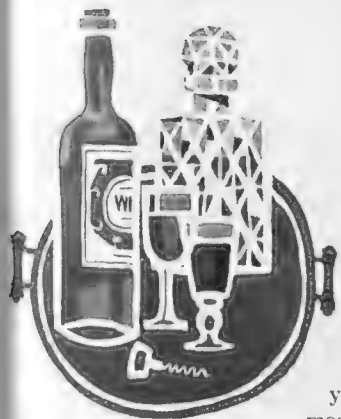
Amber is so light that even the chunkiest necklace weighs next to nothing. This one comes from Cameo Corner in Bloomsbury. Amber necklaces were popular in ancient Egypt and one was found in the tomb of an Egyptian princess at Luxor



Amber is an excellent insulator, long used in radiological machines for the cure of cancer, and now in growing demand for high-voltage electronic apparatus. Hence the growing shortage. Another reason is that the mines around Königsberg in East Prussia, where the industry has always been centred, were flooded by the Russians. The stuff is also washed up or dredged from the sea bed around the Baltic

Amber isn't always amber. It can be blue, opal, honey or Spanish (deep grey).

Hence the word, which comes from the Arabic *anbar*, the ancient name for what we now call ambergris ("grey amber")



The amber liquid *par excellence* is sherry, and the sherry of the times is dry and pale. Not that colour is any guide—sweet sherry can be light or dark. Sherry has fewer pitfalls for the unknowing than table wine, as it has no vintage years to memorize. On their honeymoon aboard Britannia, Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones drank Domecq's La Ina



The fort on the hilltop is part of the ruins of Amber, an ancient Indian city near Jaipur, founded by Minas

"Sabrina fair,
"Listen where thou art sitting,
"Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
"In twisted braids of lilies knitting
"The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair"
John Milton

PHOTOGRAPHS : DON JARVIS



Mr. C. G. Mack, vice-commodore of the Royal Mersey, on the bridge of the flagship *St. Trillo*, from which members watched the races



Mr. G. A. Glyn-Evans, former commodore of the West Kirby S.C. with his wife

THE ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB

held its annual regatta in Liverpool. Members and friends went out to watch the racing from the flagship and later met at the clubhouse



Mr. & Mrs. L. A. Lomax, whose yacht *Mercedes* came fifth in the Mylne class



Miss C. Cornelius, W.R.N.S., missed the racing because of Admiral's inspection



The spinnaker of Mr. C. M. Carpenter's *Prelude* is broken out in the first race



Miss Glenda Rigby came to support the competing Pilkington S.C. team



Mr. W. Wilson, president of the West Kirby Sailing Club & R.M.Y.C. member



Mr. J. D'Arcy-Nesbitt, a former captain of the Royal Mersey, with his wife

While that nebulous institution the Establishment has been endlessly identified and analysed, the existence of another underground community—in its way equally significant and even more influential—has been overlooked. This is:

THE DISESTABLISHMENT

Though by its nature disorganized, the Disestablishment is clearly delineated. Members have in common one overriding purpose: the discomfiture of members of the Establishment. There is a long waiting list for membership, admission being by achievement only. As the you-know-what stands in the way of the sort of achievement that qualifies, the Disestablishment is a genuine meritocracy (as opposed to an autocracy like the you-know-what). Other pointers:

The Disestablishment is anti-Imperialist, pro-homosexual, pro-Irish, pro-Lord Rudolph Russell, anti-Rattigan, pro-Delaney, pro-Griffin, anti-MCC, anti-deb, pro-acquittal, pro-metric system, pro-divorce, anti-rugger, pro-Nkrumah, anti-credit squeeze, anti-BBC (come to think of it, anti-ITV too), pro-Belinda Lee, pro-ex-convict, pro-probation officer (undecided about Deadline Midnight), anti-neckties, pro-subsidy, pro-dollars, anti-Ike, anti-white settler, anti-II-bomb, pro-Mr. Acker Bilk, pro-A.I.D., pro-H.P., pro-Barbara Moore, pro-Observer, pro-Marples. At the same time it should be understood that failure to conform to one or more of these categories does not disqualify a member, provided evidence can be produced of hell-raising on other counts.

It should also be understood that, though subversive, the Disestablishment is a thoroughly respectable community. Members can be asked to dinner with little to fear ("nothing" would be exaggerating, especially if two members are invited at the same time). Indeed a young unmarried member is often a good long-term bet for a daughter who's difficult to pair off. If you can stand the strain in the interval he will in all likelihood end up inside the other club—long service in the Disestablishment being an accepted qualification for eventual admission to—or at least acceptance by—the Establishment itself.

But defection is no problem, for the ranks are constantly being replenished, as the dossier overleaf reveals. . . .



PILLARS OF THE DISESTABLISHMENT: *A Who's Who*

(each office-holder is gazetted with the status equivalent to his opposite number in the rival set-up)

PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND



Dr. H*wl*tt J*h*s*n

Probably the most remarkable double agent on record. Appointed by the Establishment during an off-phase, hoisted the red flag over the deanery of Canterbury and has remained defiantly devoted to both Christ and Marx ever since. Better still, is widely mistaken abroad for the Archbishop

CAPTAIN OF CRICKET



Mr. J*m L*k*r

A professional player (and as such suspect from the start), he succeeded in causing so much chagrin to lovers of The Game that even the M.C.C. was moved to act. His royalties are still coming in, demonstrating that lese-majesty skittles readers, if not wickets

FOREIGN SECRETARY



Mr. Fr*n* C*us*ns

After a diplomatic apprenticeship hustling wage claims for lorry-drivers, he quickly got to grips with the H-bomb, and now flourishes the 1,000,000-strong block vote of his union against it—thereby depriving the established leaders of the Opposition of what used to be their most dependable steamroller

COMPANION OF HONOUR



Th* D*k* *f W*n*s*r

As if that earlier trouble had not been enough, as a first-person newspaper series raking it all up again, here he comes again with another intrusion into public grief: "My Page." What with the D*ch*ss of W*n*s*r's Pattern Service, little remains now but perhaps a financial column on how to profit from experience

HEREDITARY EARL MARSHAL



Th* D*k* *f B*df*r*

Always ready to lay on a spectacle even if he has to play the leading man himself. Makes a profit out of it too, which is more than can be said for a Coronation. Rumoured to have been the real motive force behind the M.I.—wanted a road that could handle more traffic to Woburn

MASTER OF THE QUEEN'S MUSICK



M*. L*nn*e D*nn*g*n

Surprised a number of traditionalists by turning up alongside them on a list of the Ten Best-dressed Men. He was wearing crocodile shoes and pearl buttons on his suit cuffs, which could account for why the British redcoats always take to their heels when he's singing

FELLOW OF ALL SOULS'



M*. C*I*n W*ls*n

A sage bound to make an impact in any society, if only sartorially. Moves in a circle of genius, discussing philosophy over a gas-ring. Having already taken Jack the Ripper as his subject seems set to perform the classic professorial gambit of turning thriller-writer

PRESIDENT OF I.S.L.F.D.†



M*ss N*n*y Sp*i*

Projects an original view of elegance, consisting of jeans for all occasions, with contrasting polo-necked sweaters. It isn't what she wore at Roedean—but it would be if she ever went back

† Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers



VALETE?

The following members have been placed on the short list for transfer to the other side:

Mr. H*gh C*dl*pp
Mr. J*hn Osb*rn*
Mr. V*I P*rn*ll
Mr. D*v*d P*lh*lm

Dr. D*n*ld S*p*r
Miss J*n L*tl*w*d
Mr. H*nr* M**re
Mr. Emm*n*I Sh*nw*ll

CHIEF LEADER-WRITER



le*lm M*gg*r*d*e

For man's guide to
e. Fascinates his
a classic love-hate
ship. First earned
rium by interfering
e club's handbook,
Still in Coventry for
e did or did not say
the monarchy

LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION



M*. M*ch*e* F*ot

The supremo of scorn, with
an unrivalled record for
setting up opposition even
inside an opposition.
Absolutely impartially
against everything, he is
even given to sawing at the
branches on which he sits—
commercial telly and the
Beaverbrook press. Has a
large following who just
adore listening to his voice

DAME OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE



M*ss D**n* D*rs

Made herself a famous name
among cinemagoers when
she was hardly ever actually
seen on the screen, and has
now made herself even more
famous among Sunday-
serial readers by revealing
what she was up to at the
time. Undeterred by
comments in the House of
Lords, she now has more
hair to let down

GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND



M*. G*r*ld N*b*rr*

Wears a top hat on Budget
day and bowls fast balls at
financial authority the rest
of the year. The delivery is
the more disconcerting
because he's much surer of
his facts than his victims
are, and anyway,
he's supposed to be on
their side

APOTHECARY TO THE HOUSEHOLD



M*. G*lb*r* H*rd*n* F.B.B.C.

Specialist in disorders of the
stomach. A pragmatist,
outspoken in advocating his
treatments and fearless of
the G.M.C. Like so many
other medical leaders, is
also an incorrigible
individualist in other fields

UNOFFICIAL HOST (à la LORD BOSSOM)



Mr. B*ll* B*tl*n

Perverted the team spirit
into holidaymaking and
became infuriatingly rich in
the process. Only setback:
failed to set up his chalets
in the other set's own
playground, the West Indies.
Give him time

CHAIRMAN, ROYAL FINE ART COMMISSION



M*. J*ck C*tt*n

Appointed following his
memorable coup in
Piccadilly, which though it
failed in its immediate
objective succeeded in
something just as difficult:
rousing an interest in public
architecture at the Ministry
of Housing

LIFE PEERESS



Mrs. B*ss*e Br*dd*ck

The mother-figure of protest.
No further explanation
needed—she does all her
own talking . . .

LORD KILBRACKEN

My own parley at the summit

WHEN summit conferences fail to come off I can't help reflecting that it is a good deal more difficult nowadays for one international statesman to get to see another than it is for, well, me. I know it is generally thought that meeting the famous is hard without influence, but I have always held it to be axiomatic that you can go anywhere you please, and meet anyone you choose, if you are brash enough and bold enough. I was not able to put the theory to its ultimate test, however, till I found myself in Moscow in 1957, when one of my principal aims was to interview Mr. Khrushchev.

I tried all the official channels, but there seemed no hope of success. Wherever I went, I was met with vigorous head-shakings and equally vigorous *nyets*.

The only hope was to run into him at one of those diplomatic receptions at which, I knew, he is inclined to become approachable under the benign influence of vodka or champagne. I attended all of them, and there seemed to be four or five a week; I drank plenty of ambassadorial cocktails, but none of the Russian leaders ever turned up.

Towards the end of my visit, however, the Egyptian Embassy decided to give a party in honour of their War Minister, General Amer, who had just arrived in Moscow. I thought Khrushchev might well put in an appearance at last, but my friends at the British Embassy who had procured invitations for me to all the other parties held up their hands in horror when I inquired about this one.

"My dear old chap, you can't *possibly* go to the Egyptians," they told me. "No diplomatic relations, y'know. None of *us* are going."

However, it takes more than chauvinism to inhibit my professional instincts, and I decided forthwith, since I couldn't get invited, to gate-crash Mr. Khrushchev. I arranged to go along with an American photographer, who *had* an invitation; we agreed that I should look as American as possible, since Nasser and Eisenhower were on excellent terms, and that I should say, if anyone asked, that I was the photographer's assistant.

I therefore put on a grey flannel suit which was cut rather on Ivy League lines, a shirt with one of those button-down collars, and a rather jazzy tie such as tourists from the States have been sometimes known to wear. We took a taxi to the Embassy and knew, as soon as we arrived, that *someone* very important was inside. There was a large crowd on the pavement and half-a-dozen huge black cars, of the kind only used by Very Important Communists, were drawn up at the kerb. Militiamen were everywhere, holding back the crowds and lining the wide flight of steps which led to the front door.

We confidently left our taxi; first my American colleague, with a couple of cameras round his neck, and then me, with exposure meters, flash bulbs, and other paraphernalia. We ran up the steps two at a time, looking (we hoped) as though we were important, in a hurry, invited and late, and no one raised the smallest finger to stop us.

Inside the front door, a smiling young Egyptian, maybe a third secretary, waited to receive guests. My colleague, without showing his invitation, went up to him with a big smile, confidently extended his friendly American hand, and gave his name simply, "*Bryson*," in his friendly American accent. If he can do it, I was thinking meantime, I can do it: I followed almost as confidently with an equally big smile, extended my sweating palm and said simply, "*Kilbracken*," in what I hoped might pass for an American accent, if only to an Egyptian. (Perhaps Bostonian.) It worked like a charm, and I walked straight in, without even showing any identification.

Nonchalantly we wandered through the three crowded reception rooms, picking up a glass of champagne here, a plate of caviare there. In the first room—no Khrushchev. In the second room—no Khrushchev. We entered the third, and there he was, less than three yards from us, in animated conversation with the Japanese Ambassador. I glanced round the room and saw that *everyone* was there: Bulganin at my elbow, Mikoyan beside him, Gromyko, Malinovsky, the lot.

I waited my chance. Khrushchev, at functions such as this, takes two interpreters with him: one who speaks all the western languages, another who speaks all the eastern languages. I approached the former, a very smooth young man who had spent five years in Limehouse and spoke English like an East Ender.

"Would Mr. Khrushchev mind if I had a word with him?" I asked.

"Why not try and see?" he replied.

A few moments later, Mr. K., momentarily, was on his own. Now I am a good party man, by which I mean a good *cocktail* party man, and if I see a guest who has been left on his own with no one to speak to, I try to draw him back into the general conversation. This I now did with Khrushchev. And he couldn't have been more approachable, even though he had no idea who I was, still less that I had no right to be there.

The interpreter, I admit, made things easier by making a mistake—his only mistake of the evening—in his very first sentence. Instead of telling Khrushchev that I would like to *meet* a great proletarian leader, which I had suggested as a suitable way of presenting myself, he said that I would like to *be* a great proletarian leader, to which Khrushchev replied: "*It is a most praiseworthy ambition, but maybe you haven't the strength.*" This led to such explanations and laughter, as I assured the Soviet leader that I had *no* such ambitions, that we were quickly on glass-clinking terms.

As we spoke, a crowd gathered to listen and I was slowly borne forward by the sheer weight of those behind me till I was solidly wedged against him. He didn't seem to mind, and we punctuated our talk with many friendly toasts. We spoke for half-an-hour and I asked the most controversial questions possible. He answered all of them.

I began by saying this was the ultimate test of my axiom. I suppose that was something of an exaggeration. It now remains to me to bluff my way into Hell, and interview the Devil. Some of these days I must try it. Or maybe, if I wait my time, I won't need to bluff. This could be one celebrity who'll insist on interviewing me.

*Sumptuous sable, softest
mink, the world's finest
and most perfectly matched
skins, are ready for choice
from London's top furriers.
The form is to order early
then have them put on
ice till autumn because. . .*

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY FURS

PHOTOGRAPHS: PETER CLARK

Fashionable on the Continent but new to Englishwomen, mink skins worked horizontally instead of vertically are introduced here by S. London, of Sloane Street, with a greatcoat in the grand manner that costs about 1,500 gns. More than 90 skins of perfectly matched Palomino mink went to make the coat with its loose back and the front fullness gathered into a tiebelt. The matching turban of Palomino mink mounted on toning jersey is by Otto Lucas at Fortnum & Mason. Original modern paintings from the New Art Centre in Sloane Street provide a background





NOW
IS
THE
TIME
TO
BUY
FURS
continued

Not easily identified at a first glance, the fur used for the luxurious but hard-wearing jacket (*left*) is in fact unsheared, blued racoon, a skin once dear to the hearts of shaggy-coated Ivy Leaguers in America's prohibition era. Racoon has achieved considerable elegance since then as this example shows. Designed for tall, slender figures it should correspondingly be avoided by women without such qualifications. It could be right for you at 219 gns. from Bradleys, Welbeck Street, W.1, who also have the superb leopard coat (*opposite*) made of perfectly matched skins. The wide neckline, sloping shoulders and relaxed waistline emphasized with a loosely-tied black leather belt are all high fashion pointers of the moment. For this coat the price climbs to a luxury 859 gns. Wear it with a Turkish turban hat in black melusine trimmed with black satin and braid. By Otto Lucas, obtainable at Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W.1





NOW
IS
THE
TIME
TO
BUY
FURS

continued

Distinctly matched skins of pale silver grey with dark shading characterized by bronze markings make this fine greatcoat in Beater sealskin. The coat costs £220 from Calman Links of Margaret Street, W.1. This firm, in company with most of the leading furriers, has the whole of its autumn collection ready



In spite of the many exotic mink mutations bred in recent years, the rich dark brown of Ranch mink, used (*opposite*) for a hip-length jacket, retains its popularity. It has an open-necked, completely rounded collarline and is made of richly lusted skins, price: £575 from the National Fur Company, Brompton Road. Sugar-loaf hat of velvet-trimmed black satin by Otto Lucas at Debenham & Freebody, W.1. Crystal necklace, matching ear-rings by Vendôme

Blonde furs are tremendously popular and this full-backed jacket of café-au-lait American broadtail honours the fashionable trend by being trimmed with toning Tourmaline mink collar and cuffs. The jacket costs £175 from Molho, Brook St., W.1. The sugar-loaf hat banded with three tiers of Tourmaline mink marks the trend to even higher hats forecast for this autumn. By Otto Lucas and obtainable at Harrods



Badger skin is used successfully here to give a new look to a fur stole. This unusual fur combines the desirable virtues of being hardwearing and inexpensive. The stole costs 80 gns. from Albert Hart, Curzon Street, W.1. Team it for striking effect with a hat of orange and brown dyed cock feathers satin-banded. Otto Lucas at Fortnum & Mason

Sable, deep, soft and luxurious, completely unmistakable, is used for this casual jacket cut with a rounded back, sloping shoulders and curving revers. For a fabulous fur, a luxury price. The jacket costs 650 gns. from Maxwell Croft, New Bond Street, W.1, who have at the moment a superb collection of sable skins from which customers can choose





Restrictions placed on hunters to prevent the extinction of big game species have cut down the supply of leopard skins and pushed up the prices correspondingly. This parapet-necked jacket with its bracelet-length sleeves costs 375 gns. and is an excellent example of the fine tailoring which can be achieved with such skins. It comes from S. London of Sloane Street, S.W.1

NOW
IS
THE
TIME
TO
BUY
FURS

concluded



ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM: PRISCILLA CONRAN

COUNTER SPY *cuts corners in the kitchen*



TIME was when gadgets bought, or gadgets given, simply cluttered up the kitchen. But not any more. Today's time-savers do the job they were designed to do with minimum fuss and exertion. And with all of them efficiency goes with good looks as in the Hostess thermostatically controlled electric PLATE WARMER (*picture top left*) that keeps food hot without drying even if left for several hours. It has four deep Pyrex dishes large enough to hold a meal for six to eight people, and a spacious cabinet with a drop-door for plates and more food. Price: £14 3s. 3d., from Robert Jackson, Piccadilly. The Colston automatic DISHWASHER is small enough to stand on the draining-board but large enough for an average family wash-up. It is attached to the water system; you switch on—the machine washes, rinses twice and power dries. It costs 85 gns. from Electricity Board Showrooms, large stores and electrical dealers. (A trolley is also available.) Three types of JUICE SQUEEZER: the most luxurious one on a sturdy stand has a well-shaped handle and a detachable strainer inside. Made by New Standard, price 63s. 9d. The curved squeezer with flat base has an attached strainer. Made by Mondial, price 17s. 6d. The third squeezer has a bowl strainer which lifts out for cleaning. Made by Inca, price 33s. 9d. All three from John Lewis, Oxford Street. Magnetic WALL-BRACKET holds sleek stainless steel knives with black wooden handles. The bracket costs 10s. 6d., the large knives 29s. 6d. each, small knife, 25s. The metal TOMATO SLICER has a claw-like handle to hold tomatoes and a pronged slicer; price 23s. 9d. All from Robert Jackson. The MEAT Mallet has metal ends for tenderizing and costs 9s. 6d.; the BIRCH WHISK (an idea from Scandinavia) is excellent for batters and sauces and—contrary to appearance—cleans easily, price 2s. 6d., the long-handled TASTING SPOON costs 1s. 6d. and the strainer spoon costs 3s. 3d. Postage extra. All at Betty Hope, 19 Beauchamp Place.

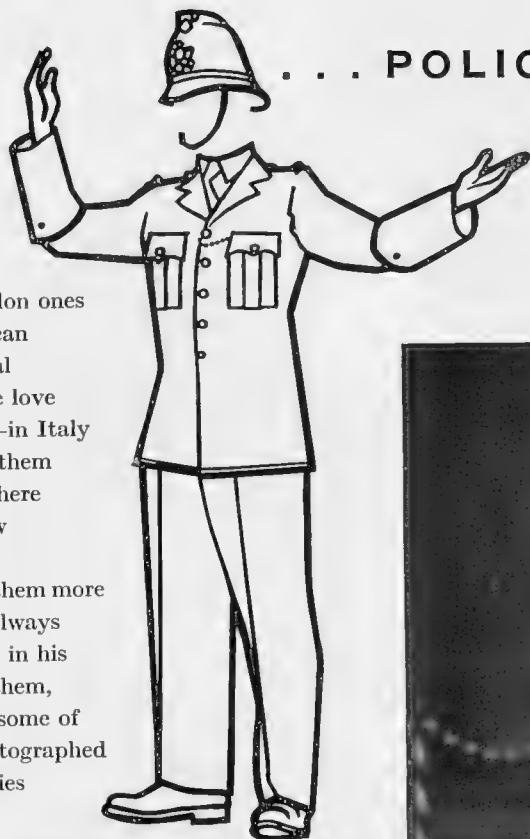
Intelligence Report

Garbage in summer can be quite a problem especially if the dustman calls infrequently. The GARBINA is a recent idea that is tidy and space-saving. The unit can be screwed to a wall or door, or inside the cupboard under the sink. It consists of a waterproofed paper bag attached by a tight spring wire to a metal lid (in several colours). The lid is lifted and rubbish put into the bag which, when full, is detached from it and put straight into the dustbin. Price complete with a week's supply of bags is 19s. 6d., a further 15 bags costs 2s. 6d. From leading stores and ironmongers. The most efficient way to get rid of rubbish altogether is a garbage disposal unit. The TWEENY, by the Haigh Engineering Co., is connected to the main plumbing and suspended out of sight under the sink. The only necessity is a minimum 3½ in. waste hole. The unit disposes of food and paper by grinding it up, but rejects bits of string, tins, metals or plastics by turning itself off automatically. The TWEENY comes in two sizes, £44 6s. 9d. standard size, £48 4s. 8d. de luxe. An advisable extra is an automatic reversing controller (£4 15s.) which lengthens the life of the grinder.

I THINK YOUR . . .

. . . POLICEMEN ARE WONDERFUL

Of course they are, especially London ones (see right). It's the one thing you can depend on in spite of all that Royal Commission business. Some people love their policemen more than others—in Italy and France for instance they give them presents at Christmas time. Over here there's even some talk about a new bush to look for summer, next years, and we may even pay them more to encourage recruiting. But it's always the tourist who sees the policeman in his true-blue colours. So, mainly for them, here's a what-to-look-for guide to some of Europe's guardians of the law photographed while in the execution of their duties by Ronald Cohen



WHISTLES are standard but it takes a French agent de police to blow one with dash. Like this one at Laon who kept it clenched between his teeth, shrilling an accompaniment to the passage of a hesitant cyclist. For true bravura visit Italy where the vigile radiate a dapper Latin courtesy, according to tourists, who have even been known to send fan mail to the traffic policeman on Rome's Palazzo Venezia. The charmer (right) was on point duty in Turin





SOUND & FURY characterize the German policeman according to some (not all) reports. There is a great deal of rushing about and getting involved; jaywalkers, especially, can expect to be dealt with toughly. This Munich policeman in the Goering-type summer tunic is called a Verkehrspolizist. If he were dressed all in white he would be a squad car officer, a species irreverently known as White Mice



I THINK YOUR POLICEMEN ARE WONDERFUL

continued



JACKBOOTS identify this Salzburg policeman as a member of the motor cycle corps—he probably jumped off his machine to deal with some little local difficulty. The Austrian force has points in common with the Metropolitan so far as the public is concerned—the same mixture of respect and resentment. Peaked cap, loose coat, make the Liege agent de circulation (above, left) look rather like a bus driver. Belgian police, it is alleged, offset their homely uniforms with impressive displays of efficiency, not to say histrionics



GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Destination—Paris and New York

BUT you don't have to go there to sample the national flavour of their products and their hair-dos.

American accent in London at Harrods where Estée Lauder's justly famed products are winning new devotees every day (Americans in London testify to their miracle-working powers). They stand on the counter in blue and gold wrappings, each a promise of new beauty. Probably the strongest reason for turning to her cosmetics is the *Re-Nutriv* cream, admittedly the costliest and probably the most nourishing cream in the world. Completely encased in gold, from its gilded box to a golden jar, the smallest size costs 7 gns., the largest supply 40 gns. What will it do for your skin? Well, it will feed it with turtle and shark oil, silicone and Leichol plus 21 other ingredients including the controversial *Royal Jelly* which she feels helps preserve a young-looking skin.

Not all Estée Lauder products involve such a high premium (anyway, interest rates are tempting: how can you gauge the benefits of a better looking face?). Examples (*above*) are *Translucent Powder Base* for 49s., *Body Satinée* for 18s. 6d., and *Bath Oil* for 28s., all perfumed with the lingering transatlantic scent *Youth Dew*. The *Cool Spray Bath Powder* (*below, right*) dispenses icy spurts of powder and costs 28s. 6d. Beyond this there is a special kit of *Cleansing Oil*, *Creme Pack*, *All-Purpose Creme* and *Skin Lotion* for 2 gns. which carries a free

sample of the outstanding *Translucent* face powder. The first penetrates deeply; the second clears, firms and brightens; the third is self-explanatory, the last a gentle astringent.

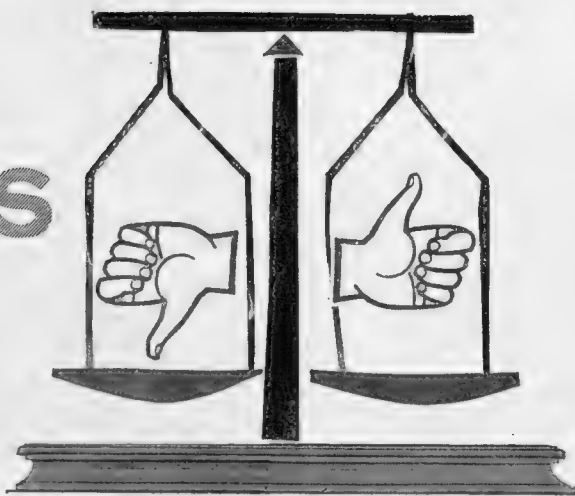
Estée Lauder's opinion of soap and water technique is an uncompromising *no* (her own face is a glowing example of a no soap, no water routine). She thinks that every time you have facial massage, you are promoting sagging muscles.

French flair in London at Antoine of Dover Street where Alexis makes hair shapely and silky. His genius lies in his concentration on the face of the moment—no stereotyped hair here (a charming example appears above).

A recent import from Antoine's Paris salon is Mlle. Claire who transforms ailing skins with *Juvacure* and *Vitonia* cream treatments. *Juvacure* is sometimes called "*le peeling*" in Paris which brings images of skinning, but the reality is a mild, gentle easing of the top layer of epidermis (just a speeding of everyday processes) and your skin responds by feeling like new. Best on oily, blemished skins which often have clogged pores. The *Vitonia* treatment gives a facial banquet to faces that have relied too long on daily snacks. A fine absorbent cream, fortified with vitamins, *Vitonia* can be bought at Antoine and carried away for nightly application (it's also good used before foundation cream in the morning). Best on mature, sensitive skins.



VERDICTS



The play **A Man For All Seasons.** Globe Theatre. (Paul Scofield, Noel Willman, Leo McKern, Andrew Keir.)

The films **Light Up The Sky.** Director Lewis Gilbert. (Ian Carmichael, Benny Hill, Tommy Steele, Sydney Tafler, Victor Maddern, Harry Locke, Johnny Briggs.)
The Brides Of Dracula. Director Terence Fisher. (Peter Cushing, Freda Jackson, Martita Hunt, David Peel, Yvonne Monlaur.)
The Gallant Hours. Director Robert Montgomery. (James Cagney, Dennis Weaver, James T. Goto.)

The books **The Great Lucifer,** by Margaret Irwin. (Chatto & Windus, 25s.)

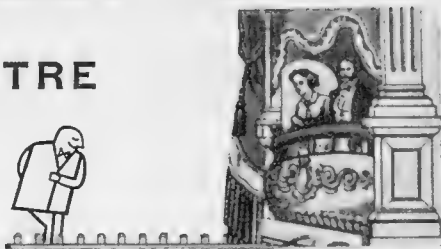
My Wicked, Wicked Ways, by Errol Flynn. (Heinemann, 21s.)
The Tangled Web, by Betty Askwith. (Gollancz, 15s.)
Jampot Smith, by Jeremy Brooks. (Hutchinson, 16s.)
Shadows On The Wall, by Joan O'Donovan. (Gollancz, 16s.)
The Great Impostor, by Robert Crichton. (Gollancz, 18s.)

The records **North American Negro Music, Vol. 4,** by Jelly Roll Morton; **Vol. 5,** by Victoria Spivey.
Kind Of Blues, by Miles Davis.
The Birth Of A Band, by Quincy Jones.
My Very Good Friends The Bandleaders, by Ted Heath.
Manteca, by Red Garland.
All Mornin' Long, by Red Garland.

The gallery **Picasso,** Tate Gallery.

THEATRE

Anthony
Cookman



The man who couldn't win

MR. ROBERT BOLT, WHO WROTE THE successful *Flowering Cherry* and has another new play, *The Tiger and the Horse* on its way to the West End, takes risks with *A Man For All Seasons* at the Globe. Not only is it historical costume drama—a risky venture enough these days—but the subject is Sir Thomas More, who in the whole course of his long-drawn resistance to the will of Henry VIII was studiously careful to make no gesture which can easily be turned to theatrical account.

The risks, I think, were well worth taking. Whether or not the public are attracted (and there is a notable performance by Mr. Paul Scofield to draw in the waverers) Mr. Bolt gives us difficult stage biography done honestly and with a quiet distinction. Those who have a taste for the quietly compelling in drama will find much to enjoy at the Globe.

More, before Henry's demand for a new Queen put his religious conscience on the rack, was a man who seemed to have been born to

worldly happiness. His personal graces, his wit and his gaiety won him friends everywhere. The young king delighted in his company and More, it was said, took as much trouble to keep out of Court as other men took to get into it.

He was a brilliant exponent of the New Learning, and his *Utopia* is there to show that in social and political ideas his mind far outranged his contemporaries. And to all his intellectual gifts he added the domestic virtues and a religious conscience which he subjected day by day to subtle, rigorous examination.

It is obviously impossible for Mr. Bolt to deal directly with all sides of this variously gifted creature. Nevertheless, he gives Mr. Scofield material enough for the actor's purpose and though Henry, Wolsey and Cromwell play the most active parts in the drama that leads More to his martyrdom we are never in doubt that their victim is a great man.

We see Henry only once—as a hale and hearty young man, full of

conceit and rough geniality, careful not to force the issue of Papal authority on More but leaving his troubled friend in little doubt as to what the issue will be. Wolsey also makes only one appearance, and he puts Henry's case for him in a way which would convince any ordinary politician. England, he points out, needs a male heir to the throne, or the Wars of the Roses will come again after Henry's death.

More has nothing to say to this. He can only pray that the heir will yet come out of Henry's lawful marriage. But after Wolsey's death Henry finds in Cromwell a servant willing to work his will with dispassionate Machiavellian skill. Through his spies he collects every scrap of evidence that may be twisted against More when the crisis comes, as he is certain it must, and here the drama lies between him and a clever man who knows that even if he plays the game without making a mistake his enemies must still win, because they will not scruple to alter the rules of the game when it suits them.

It is useless for More to insist that his resignation of the Chancellorship is not a gesture of protest against the Act of Supremacy and that he will be allowed to spend his retirement writing and cultivating his Chelsea garden. Friends and enemies alike interpret his resignation as an expression of disbelief in the validity of the Supremacy, and Cromwell produces the crisis he has clearly foreseen by making the refusal to take an oath attesting belief in the new statute equivalent to an act of treason. The crisis is finely developed in the trial scene;

and More's historical admission of disbelief sends him automatically to the scaffold.

Mr. Noel Willman helps the author by giving his play a discreetly Brechtian production. Mr. Leo McKern pops in and out of the action, sometimes as a steward, a boatman or executioner, sometimes as the reader of a relevant bit of history. It is a device that works and so is the use of descending and ascending scenery and notice boards. This is because many of the scenes are self-contained, and they are thus helped to an easy fluidity.

Mr. Andrew Keir is good as Cromwell, though now and then a little over-vehement for so detached a Machiavellian, and there is more than one arresting minor performance.



ORDEAL IN THE TOWER: With his head at stake Sir Thomas More (Paul Scofield) listens to (right) his friend Norfolk (Alexander Gauge) arguing a fine point with his deadly enemy Thomas Cromwell (Andrew Keir), in *A Man For All Seasons*

CINEMA

Elspeth Grant



Laughter round the searchlight

FOR A MOMENT THERE, AS I WATCHED *Light Up The Sky*, I couldn't see why the central story—a slice of army life as it was lived here in 1940—was told in flash-back, within the cosy framework of a middle-aged Mr. Ian Carmichael's reminiscences. Then it dawned on me: 1940, which, like Mr. Carmichael, I remember as if it were yesterday, was actually twenty years ago! Bless my soul! Then, must, at a modest estimate, be a mass of young persons, some even entitled to the vote, who recall absolutely nothing of the war—and it is perhaps a good thing to bring home to them the fact that it did, after all, happen with living memory.

Mr. Lewis Gilbert's admirably directed and vastly entertaining film, excellently scripted by Mr. Vernon Harris, is based on Mr. Robert Storey's play *Touch It Light* about a searchlight battery set up by the army on a country cricket pitch, where the pavilion serves as a barrack room for an assortment of the most accomplished scroungers and skivers in our military forces.

Mr. Carmichael is the young lieutenant in charge of this small and motley unit. While he frequently has occasion to "come the old acid" (and nobody does this better than Mr. Carmichael), he has a sort of Dutch avuncular affection for his men—who are, despite all their demerits, coarseness and ribaldry, an oddly endearing lot.

One scandalous and hilarious episode follows swiftly upon another—local farmers are robbed of vegetables and poultry, a bath is looted from a nearby R.A.F. station: Mr. Tommy Steele shocks his protective brother, Mr. Benny Hill, by proposing to commit bigamy, lugubrious Mr. Harry Locke, a frustrated Mrs. Beaton, dreams of the cookery course he hopes to take—and so on. But it's by no means all laughter—indeed the climax of the film (an air raid) is fraught with drama.

There are excellent performances from Mr. Sydney Tafler, as the oldest member of the unit, grief-stricken when his soldier son is killed in North Africa, and Mr. Victor Maddern as the tough corporal, grimly pursuing the promotion that will give him equal rank with his formidable A.T.S.

fiancée—and every line of the dialogue rings true.

Mr. Terence Fisher has long displayed a talent for investing with a certain dignity any film he directs, no matter how dire or dotty the subject; he does so again in *The Brides Of Dracula*, which nobody can deny is an extremely well-made, if totally unnecessary picture. The period, beautifully presented, is the 1890s and the setting, as you will probably have guessed, is Middle Europe—the vampire country we have previously explored in the reassuring company of Mr. Peter Cushing.

Mlle. Yvonne Monlaur, a sweetly pretty girl of a simplicity verging on imbecility, is travelling by coach to Badstein. At an inn en route she encounters a sinister old baroness, Miss Martita Hunt, and is easily persuaded to spend the night at her gloomy, spooky castle. Over dinner, which is served by a crazy old retainer (Miss Freda Jackson), the baroness talks of her son: he is, she says broodingly, mad and dangerous and has to be kept locked away in his own quarters. "How very distressing for you," says Mlle. Monlaur—or words to that effect.

The dear girl is put to bed but finds it hard to sleep. Wandering through the castle in pensive mood and a diaphanous nightie, she opens a few locked doors and in one room discovers a handsome young man (Mr. David Peel), chained by one leg to the wall. So this is the son the baroness has warned her is a homicidal maniac. But really, he looks rather nice, thinks Mlle. Monlaur—and when he suggests she should filch the key to his shackles from his mother's escritoire and release him, she obligingly does so. This throws Miss Jackson into fits of eldritch laughter.

She knows—and I scarcely have to tell you—that what Mlle. Monlaur has let loose on the world is a vampire. Mr. Peel's first act of freedom is to plunge his fangs (which appear to be retractable) into his mum's throat. Overcome with horror, Mlle. Monlaur flees the castle and loses herself in the woods where she is found next morning in a dead faint by none other than Mr. Peter Cushing—still indefatigably tracking down the dreaded "undead" and armed with his handy, do-it-yourself, vampire eli-

mination kit (a neat, sharp stake for driving into the monster's heart, and a small mallet for hammering it well home).

Mr. Cushing, to whom she confides her adventures, sees her safely installed in Badstein Girl's Academy, swears her to secrecy regarding what has occurred and assures her she can leave everything to him. And of course she can. We all know (and need no further reminder) that Mr. Cushing is absolutely wizard at wiping-out vampires, and there are some pretty horrific moments before Mr. Cushing can give the terrified local peasantry the "All Clear."

The Gallant Hours tells, at intolerable length, how Admiral Halsey, of the U.S. Navy—well played by Mr. James Cagney—prevented the Japanese from taking Guadalcanal. It is the only war film I have ever seen in which all the action takes place off-screen: it is thus unique—but nonetheless boring.

THE STRAIN OF HIGH COMMAND is scored on the face of Admiral Halsey (James Cagney) as he prepares to face another day of scheming to keep the Japanese off the island of Guadalcanal, in *The Gallant Hours*.



BOOKS



Siriol Hugh-Jones



Sir Walter in the shadows

MARGARET IRWIN IS A WRITER TO whom thousands besides myself must owe an enormous debt for making the 17th century about ten times as real and exciting as any history lesson. In particular, she gave us characters such as Minette who were inclined to slip off the edges of history pages and whom we might never have met at all had it not been for Miss Irwin. All her historical novels have acquired a special golden light in my memory, and no-one who feels the same about *Royal Flush* is going to miss her portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, *That Great Lucifer*.

Raleigh, the shadowed man who wrote tough, sad, haunting poetry and spent interminable years in the Tower, must have been the most magical of all the great Elizabethans, and now seems a strangely modern figure, perhaps because there was something in his personality and fortunes that em-

bodied the darker, more troubled aspects of the age he lived in. It's ungrateful to feel faintly cheated because Miss Irwin's latest book is not an historical novel in the old manner, nor yet quite the sort of biography that would have been written by a "straight" historian. The book is enormously readable. The faint giggling feeling of dissatisfaction I retained at the end is perhaps due to the fact one feels Miss Irwin is so dazzled and bewitched by her hero that the real, fallible human being is obscured behind the incandescent "star of the Elizabethans."

Poor Mr. Errol Flynn was a star of quite another order. I began *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, his autobiography, with all sorts of misgivings, and was the more astonished to find this long, sad, oddly brave and pitiful book was like listening to whistling in the dark and in no way the "succession



AN OLD RUSSIAN PROVERB? *Laughter greets a remark by the Soviet Ambassador (centre) at the press reception given by Hutchinson's to celebrate the publication in England of Khrushchev's book For Victory In Peaceful Competition With Capitalism (40s.). M. Alexander Alexseivich's listeners were (left) Mr. & Mrs. A. J. V. le Maistre, and (right), two Members of Parliament, Mr. Maurice Edelman and Capt. Henry Kerby*

of romantic epics" the jacket-blurb appears to imagine it is. Before Hollywood caught up with him Flynn led a wild unbiddable life in and around trouble in remote places, and the book makes one feel his career in films was no more than an interlude in a curious damaging personal battle he never stopped fighting.

I have no idea whether the book was even partly ghosted or not, but somehow one feels it could well have been all the author's own unaided work. He emerges as a more deeply troubled man than the public image would have allowed one to guess, and the entire book sounds remarkably like the unglossed truth. In spite of (or maybe because of) the bottles of

vodka and the women, the lasting impression is one of enormous sadness and regret, and in spite of the style—much of the book sounds as though it was written while wearing boxing-gloves—this is not the "sensational autobiography" the blurb so dispiritingly promises.

Briefly: The Tangled Web, by Betty Askwith, is a plausible interpretation of the dismal divorce case that ruined Sir Charles Dilke. Miss Askwith makes the central figure Mrs. Crawford, here a compassionately drawn figure of a lonely and unhappy girl profoundly traumatized by her mother's clandestine affair with Dilke, who afterwards slipped further and further into a dark and melancholy world of confusion and

fantasy. The period atmosphere is convincing and I enjoyed the book in a lugubrious sort of way, in spite of my sufferings with the jam-packed pages in teeny-tiny type.

Jeremy Brooks's *Jampot Smith* is a funny, touching and convincing book about a group of school-children growing up in North Wales during the last war, seen through the eyes of a boy who is a mad success with the girls and falls genuinely in love with one. It makes a nice change to meet adolescents who are neither delinquent nor agonizingly over-sensitive, and this group and their pre-occupations seemed to me remarkably truthful.

Joan O'Donovan has collected such stunning notices for her two earlier books that it seems insanely rash to confess that the new book of short stories, *Shadows on the Wall*, seemed to me perfectly agreeable, unremarkable, and surprisingly forgettable. And *The Great Impostor*, by Robert Crichton, is the story of a man who adopted various completely untrue identities, including that of a doctor in the Navy, and was compelled to perform surgical operations at sea. I found it made me gloomy, especially as the writing makes the whole thing sound like a series of shock-value magazine articles and not a book at all.



RECORDS

Gerald
Lascelles

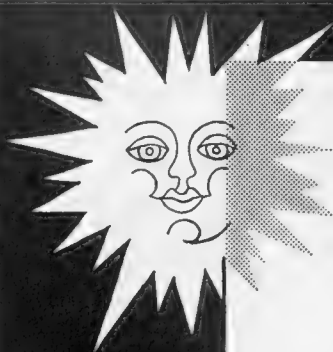
Jelly's gem for historians

I LIKE TO SCAN THE LISTS OF BEST selling jazz records from time to time, to see how far my own taste differs from that of the people who go out and buy them over the counter. Two things struck me after perusing the latest list. The first was the length of time after release before most of the records start to appear in it. The second is that only four out of ten could remotely be described as traditional, and two of these are strictly historical. Basie tops my list, followed by Bechet, but these are records I have already discussed in this column.

I failed to tell you about a gem

in the shape of Jelly Roll Morton's EP with Johnny Dunn's band (TFE17263). This is 1928 music, superbly reproduced in Fontana's *Treasures of North American Negro music* series. Anyone with a yen for top quality historical material should concentrate on this collection. Another in the same series illustrates the early work of a blues singer, Victoria Spivey, who broke away from the Ma Rainey/Bessie Smith traditions.

Well placed in terms of popularity is Miles Davis's *Kind of blue* (STFL513) which I mentioned briefly in this column some months ago. It has taken time to gain



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popularity, but Miles's music never states the obvious, and his soloists have ideas of their own, all well expounded in five exceptionally interesting tracks. Climbing rapidly is Quincy Jones's *The birth of a band* (CMS18026), which is yet another example of this composer/arranger's ability. It follows closely the pattern of the set he did for Basie, and appropriately Bill Basie has written the notes for Quincy's first band session. The group is an all-star one, featuring soloists like Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, Phil Woods, and Joe Newman.

Once again the versatile Mr. Jones reveals his potential, moulding his music around his soloists to the best effect. Shortly after he made this record he left for Europe, where his band played on stage in the touring version of the Harold Arlen musical, *Free and Easy*. Returning to the States, the show was not greeted with enthusiasm on Broadway, and at the time of writing its future is in some doubt. I hope it will survive as a shop window for one of America's most promising young jazzmen.

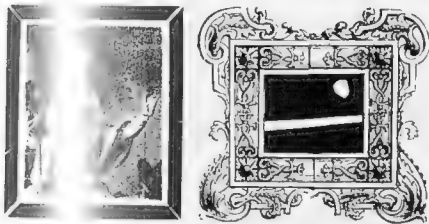
Ted Heath has fun in his latest album, *My very good friends the bandleaders* (SKL4090), in which he reminisces about their music, their styles, and the individual sounds they produced. It speaks well for his versatile band and arranging staff that 12 widely differing approaches to big band swing are effectively and flawlessly recreated by the Heath orchestra.

Pianist Red Garland has two recent albums on my shelf. *Manteca* (32/096) is one of his less inspired trio performances, but *All mornin' long* (32/099) has quintet backing of worthwhile quality. Red gets drawn into the fray by the exciting trumpet of Donald Byrd and some potent utterings by tenorman John Coltrane. Both he and Garland have been working with Miles Davis since this record was made in late 1957.

I wish Garland would concentrate on cleaning up his playing. He shows exquisite moments where every phrase is right, and suddenly spoils it all with blurry chords and an apparent lack of concentration.



WOMAN WITH A FAN, painted in 1905, from the newly reissued Picasso in Thames & Hudson's World of Art series, price 35s.



GALLERIES

Alan Roberts

How Picasso struck a gusher

"WE ARE ALL AGREED, I TAKE IT, that Picasso is a genius. Stand up the boy at the back who said 'No.' You may leave the room and don't come back. We have no time for your sort."

So, a friend tells me, he imagined a meeting of art critics deciding what they were going to say about the exhibition at the Tate. And when I look through the reviews of this mammoth show I see what he means.

Not even in the popular papers has any journalist-critic, as would have happened a few years ago, thumbed his nose at the artist or called him a hoaxter. No letter from "Disgusted, Cheltenham" has, at the time of writing, accused the artist of obscenity or outraging public morals. Indeed it has all been rather tame. Everyone apparently agrees that modern art is a jolly good thing and that the man more responsible for it than any other is a jolly good chap. It almost makes me wish Sir Alfred Munnings was still alive.

For years the denigrators of Picasso were referred to his early work as proof that he is a serious artist who really can draw and

paint. Only now, however, has it been possible to confront the doubters with a sufficient number of these early works to make the point.

Because Picasso was an infant prodigy (vide *Girl with bare feet*, painted when he was 14) and capable as a youth of drawing like a very old master (vide *Lavie*, painted when he was 22) his later work must be respected even by those who find it incomprehensible. So the argument runs.

It is a specious and illogical argument that leads one reviewer to make the extraordinary assertion that "a genius must be born with prodigious technical ability," but in practice it is evidently proving effective.

After passing through the first few rooms (the exhibition is skilfully hung in approximate chronological order) even the most sceptical visitors are so completely captivated by the sad sincerity of the Blue Period and the gentle warmth of the Pink Period that they are prepared to lie down and let the artist walk over them. Which is, in effect, what he does. He goes right over their heads.

Many probably leave the gallery

believing that poor Mr. Picasso suddenly went mad one day in 1907 and, apart from a few lapses into normality during which he painted delightful, normal things like the portrait of his son Paul as Harlequin, has stayed that way ever since.

But what happened to Picasso in 1907 was not madness, it was rebirth. With the painting of the startling canvas *Les demoiselles d'Avignon*, which made even Matisse and Braque think he had gone off his head, he did not merely break with traditional European art, he broke with the physical world as his principal source of inspiration. From that time he was to turn almost exclusively to the bottomless mine of ideas within himself. "I paint objects as I think them, not as I see them," he said.

At first he dug into it assiduously and laboured hard and long to exhaust each idea. Looking back now it seems incredible that an artist of Picasso's temperament, an artist in whose life the one constant thing has been the urge towards change, could have devoted so many years to the intellectual processes of what Roland Penrose, writing in the exhibition catalogue, calls Analytical Cubism.

Eventually, the ideas began to gush out so that he could not keep up with them, let alone exhaust them. Many other modern artists have, of course, worked in this way but none ever struck it so rich.

To watch the artist at work in the film *The Picasso Mystery*, however,

is to realize that even riches of this sort can corrupt. The great innovator has become a sort of doodling machine producing pictures not in order to state anything but simply for the pleasure of artistic activity. The facility with which the pictures flow from his brush is matched by the facile end-product.

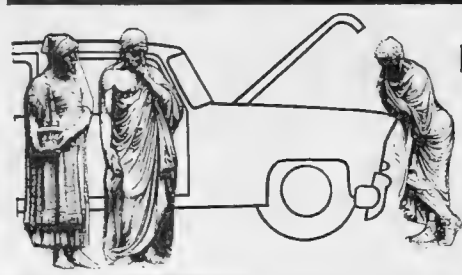
Belonging to this category are the majority of the 58 so-called "variations" on Velasquez's *Las Meninas* which the artist has lent to the exhibition. Painted in 1957, they are the work of an old man who has nearly outlived his genius (that word again!) and their interest for us is almost entirely a documentary one.

When time has sorted the masses of chaff from the pure Picassian wheat we shall be left, I am sure, with little of the production of the last few years.

What the Tate exhibition shows, however, is that there is far more pure wheat than even those of us who thought we knew our Picasso dreamed of. So next week, when I hope to have recovered from the emotional and physical disturbance occasioned by the collective impact of so much size, variety, colour and calculated shock effects, I will try to anticipate time by appraising some of the more important but "difficult" pictures in a detached way. Detached, that is, from all the shouting and the tumult and the ballyhoo and the champagne and *pacella* that attended the launching of the show.



THE CAR AND THE GIRL: Miss Tasmania—nineteen-year-old Marlene Forsyth—with the MGA in which she visited Oxford's colleges after a lunch at the Morris works



MOTORING

by Gordon
Wilkins

Cars to keep young in

VISITS TO CAR FACTORIES CAN sometimes produce pleasant surprises that lead the talk away from sales figures, production costs and technical problems. There was one at the Morris works the other day when I found myself in a luncheon party with Marlene Forsyth, 19-year-old Miss Tasmania, whose picture decorates this page. As unofficial ambassador for her green and pleasant homeland, she was taking her job seriously, doing the rounds of British industry and sending regular reports home to the local newspaper in Hobart.

She had been to That Wedding and a Royal garden party, seen the Maundy ceremony and most of the regular tourist sights, but had found practically no time for shopping. She had appeared on B.B.C. TV and one of the Other networks; thought the B.B.C. boys were nicely dressed, well behaved and beautifully organized; found the Others casual, dressed in corduroys and addicted to corny jokes. When last seen, footsore but undaunted, she was setting off in an MGA for a marathon tour of the Oxford colleges and looking forward to a weekend in Paris.

In England we spend an inordinate amount of time glooming about the Toll of the Road, Traffic Congestion and the Parking Prob-

lem without doing anything very practical about it, but there's nothing like the sight of a pretty girl in a sports car to remind one that motoring can still be fun. Once you cease to respond to the thrill of driving a sports car, you have begun to lose contact. Psychologists may find a hundred sour explanations for it. Is it latent exhibitionism with undertones of sex symbolism? Or is there simply an urge to accelerate, brake and change gear more often if the exhaust makes a merry growling noise while you are doing it.

I only know that when I sold my last sports car, one of the unforgettable 328 B.M.W.s, and watched the buyer drive it away, I suddenly realized with a pang that something of me had gone with it. My present car is a faithful drudge which spends long periods standing out in airport car parks or factory yards while I drive test cars (for this something with a tin top is the only practical answer), but at least I still get the chance to drive the latest sports models and the thrill never wears off.

All this is well understood by those wily old birds the insurance men. I was reproaching one of them about the high rates they charge on sports cars even to experienced drivers with clean records.

"I am just the same person, with the same age and the same aptitudes, whether I drive a family saloon or a sports car," I told him, "and some of the modern family saloons are faster than the sports models."

"Yes," he replied, "but how old do you *feel* when you drive a sports car?" I had to admit that I felt 10 years younger, but I don't believe that this glorious feeling necessarily leads one to take more risks.

Nor does this rejuvenating influence necessarily fade with the passage of time. That charming enthusiast Forrest Lycett, whose abrupt passing we mourned a short while ago, drove his 140 m.p.h. 8-litre Bentley with undiminished skill and judgment right up to the time of his death, and only last year set up new speed records with it in Belgium, at the age of 74. He was killed, not at the wheel, but as a pedestrian.

For most sports car drivers the fun of playing tunes on a close-ratio gearbox is an essential part of the game, but there is undoubtedly a certain demand for sporting cars with automatic transmission. It exists particularly in the United States, and as the American buyer usually gets what he wants, one can now have such diverse sports models as the Chevrolet Corvette, the XK 150 Jaguar or the French Facel Vega with automatic transmissions.

I don't see much prospect of it spreading to the smaller sports cars yet. Most automatic transmissions waste power and there is not much point in fitting a small engine with twin carburettors, special exhaust system, high compression head and all the rest of the tuner's paraphernalia if you are going to fritter away your hard-won horsepower in churning oil. The Smith transmission does not waste power in this way, but it has only

three speeds. One day, we may see a four-speed version, and then I should not be surprised to see small sports cars with automatic drive. I don't join the purists in taking a derisive view of such developments. On the water there are those who work for their fun, toiling at the oars or spreading their sails to catch every useful breath of air, others relax while an engine does the work, but all enjoy themselves.

Ninety-five per cent of our sports cars are exported, but an increasing number of girls at home now run their own sports cars, without waiting to be asked out by the boys. Some of them drive so well that I scarcely dare to suggest that sports car sales to feminine owners might be increased by a greater use of automatic transmissions. I leave it to the market research experts.

The greatest threat to the enjoyment of open car motoring in this country is no longer the climate, which is being remarkably kind at the moment, but the dense clouds of poisonous black smoke belched out by diesel lorries and coaches. On a 100-mile run this morning I kept count and found that over 30 per cent of the diesel vehicles I met were fouling the air with their filthy exhausts. It is quite unnecessary. It is caused by bad maintenance or by deliberate tampering on the part of the driver, but the police seem unable or unwilling to act.

A high proportion of accidents now happen during overtaking. Mr. Marples, like other politicians, is very free with pious exhortations on the subject, but he might usefully enquire how many of these accidents involve drivers who have been trapped for miles behind some stinking truck and have been driven to overtake in desperation before they are physically sick. In a saloon car one can at least wind up the windows but in an open car there is no escape.



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TOM HUSTLER

Stockdale—Nicholson: Margaret Jane, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. & the Hon. Mrs. Stockdale of Mears Ashby Hall, Northants, married Richard Hugh, son of the late Brig. Claude Nicholson & of the Hon. Mrs. MacDonald, Woodcott House, Whitechurch, Hants, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Malan—van Heerden: Esther, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. C. Malan, of Cape Town, married Wikus, son of the late Mr. E. van Heerden, and of Mrs. van Heerden of Cape Town, at the Dutch Reformed Church, Austin Friars, London

Weddings

Hunt—Hume: Elizabeth, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. William Hunt, of Cuppers, Hadley Wood, married David, son of Mr. Martin Hume, and the late Mrs. Hume, at St. Mary the Virgin, Monken Hadley
HORNBY'S STUDIOS LTD.



Flanagan—Bowen: Rowena, the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. A. W. Flanagan, of Sloane Square, S.W.3, married Neville, son of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. W. O. Bowen, at St. Mary's Cadogan Street





Miss Lucile Walford to the Marques de Las Almenas. *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. G. Walford, The Old Rectory, Balcombe, Sussex. He is the son of Conde & Condesa de Mayalde, who live in Madrid*



Miss Angela Stella Carver to Mr. Alan Armfield Prosser. *She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Leonard Carver, of Lapworth, Warwickshire. He is the only son of the late Mr. Geoffrey Prosser, and, of Mrs. Prosser, of Knowle, Warwickshire*



MADAME YEVONDE
Miss Ann Thorold to Mr. John Blaker. *She is the only daughter of the late Mr. F. J. Thorold and Mrs. Thorold, of Hartfield. He is the only son of Sir Reginald Blaker, Bt., & Lady Blaker*



TOM HUSTLER
Miss Philippa Marjorie Davies-Cooke to Mr. William George Antony Warde-Norbury, Coldstream Guards. *She is the daughter of Col. & Mrs. P. R. Davies-Cooke, of Mold, North Wales and Doncaster. He is the son of Major & Mrs. H. G. Warde-Norbury, of Doncaster*



HARLIP
Miss Kathleen Patricia Magill to Mr. Ailwyn Henry George Broughton, Royal Horse Guards. *She is the daughter of Col. & Mrs. J. H. Magill, of Camberley, Surrey. He is the only son of Major the Hon. Henry Broughton, and the late Hon. Mrs. Broughton*

Engagements

DINING IN

by Helen Burke



A killer's useful cousin

IT MAY SEEM STRANGE THAT potatoes and tomatoes, though not natives of this side of the world, are probably the most important vegetables we have today. Both are members of the deadly nightshade family, as are new-to-this-country blueberries. From a nutritional point of view, the potato is much more important than the tomato, which is low in carbohydrates and contains no fat. Modern food scientists, however, know that the tomato has a high dietetic value.

It is rich in Vitamins A and C, has some Vitamin B and, further, contains calcium, phosphorus and iron. Added to that it is an extremely pleasant vegetable-fruit. There is hardly a course of any meal

—from tomato juice cocktails to savouries—in which the tomato cannot figure.

Eat them as you would apples, but with a touch of salt and pepper if you like. Slice without peeling, unless the skins cause discomfort, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and enjoy them with brown bread and butter.

Soufflé de Tomates à la Napolitaine is a dish for those who enjoy a light savoury either at the beginning or end of a meal. The following amounts are enough for four servings:

Fry the rinds of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. unsmoked bacon to extract their fat, together with a chopped onion. Add to the pan a tiny nut of butter and $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour and cook to colour the flour

a good golden tone. Add a chopped carrot and cook together. Follow with a small piece of bay leaf and a pinch of dried thyme, finally, work in 1 lb. chopped ripe tomatoes, a chopped clove of garlic and a cube of sugar. Work well together over a fair heat then slowly stir in 1 pint chicken stock (or hot water and a chicken *bouillon* cube). Cover and simmer to make a good *purée*. Season with pepper and salt to taste. Rub through a sieve and simmer to reduce to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint.

Have ready 4 to 5 tablespoons of well-drained cooked macaroni, turned in a walnut of butter, and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. grated Parmesan cheese.

Beat 3 egg yolks, one at a time, into the cooled tomato *purée*, then whip the 3 egg whites stiffly and fold them in. Place a layer of the tomato *purée* mixture in a buttered *soufflé* dish or casserole and add a layer of the cheese-coated macaroni. Repeat, finishing with a topping of the tomato mixture. Draw a circle around the inside of the top of the *soufflé* to encourage attractive rising and bake it for 45 to 50 minutes at 350 degrees Fahr., or gas mark 4.

Southern Tomato Scramble is a good vegetable dish for four and is made quite simply. Cut a good-sized green sweet pepper into inch

strips and then across into half-inch pieces. Skin 1 lb. largish ripe tomatoes and quarter them. Cook the pepper and tomatoes in 1 oz. butter and a tablespoon of olive oil. Squeeze in the juice from a small clove of garlic, then add a teaspoon of sugar and pepper and salt to taste. Stir into this a small can of sweet corn. Dot the surface with a walnut of butter in small pieces, leave them to melt, then serve the dish with crusty French bread.

Tomato Omelet is another savoury dish one might make for a light lunch. The following amounts should serve 4. Roughly chop 1 lb. really ripe tomatoes and cook them with a chopped onion to a thick *purée*. In another pan, fry 2 to 3 rashers of streaky smoked bacon, cut in strips. Into them, rub the tomato-onion *purée* through a sieve fine enough to catch the tomato seeds. Add a teaspoon of chopped parsley and mix well together.

Cool. Beat in 3 egg yolks, one at a time, then fold in the well-whipped egg whites. Season to taste. Melt a good ounce of butter in an omelet pan. Add the egg mixture and cook for 2 to 3 minutes over a fairly high heat, stirring to prevent it browning. Just fold over and serve with a green salad.



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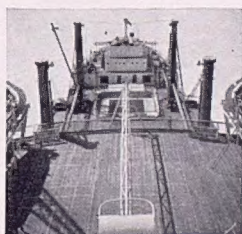
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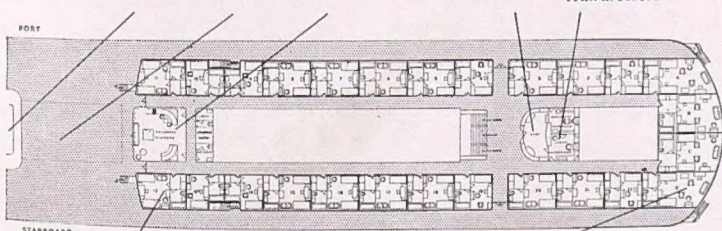
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